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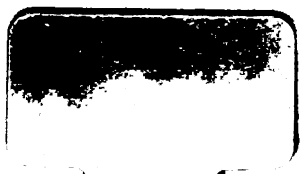


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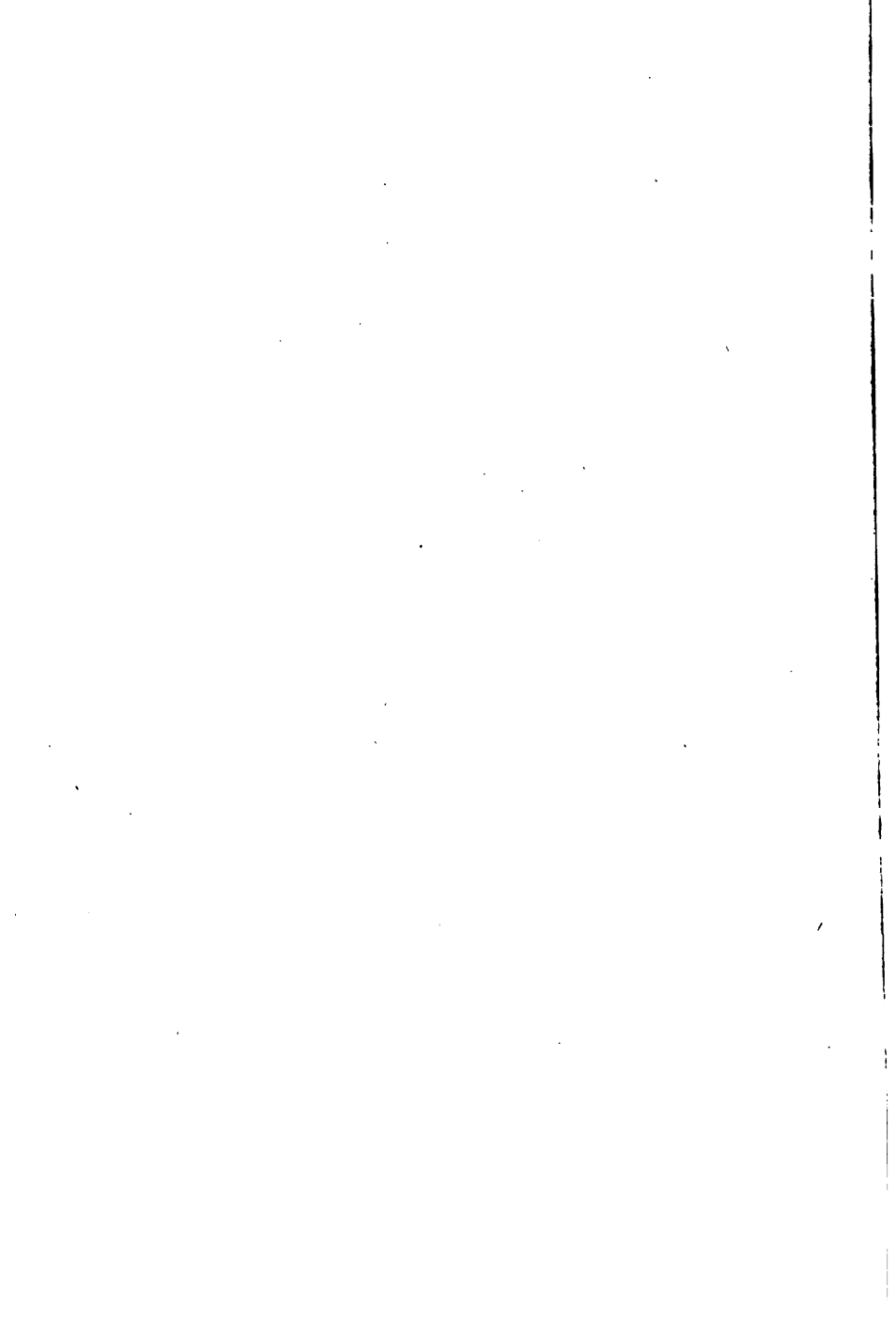
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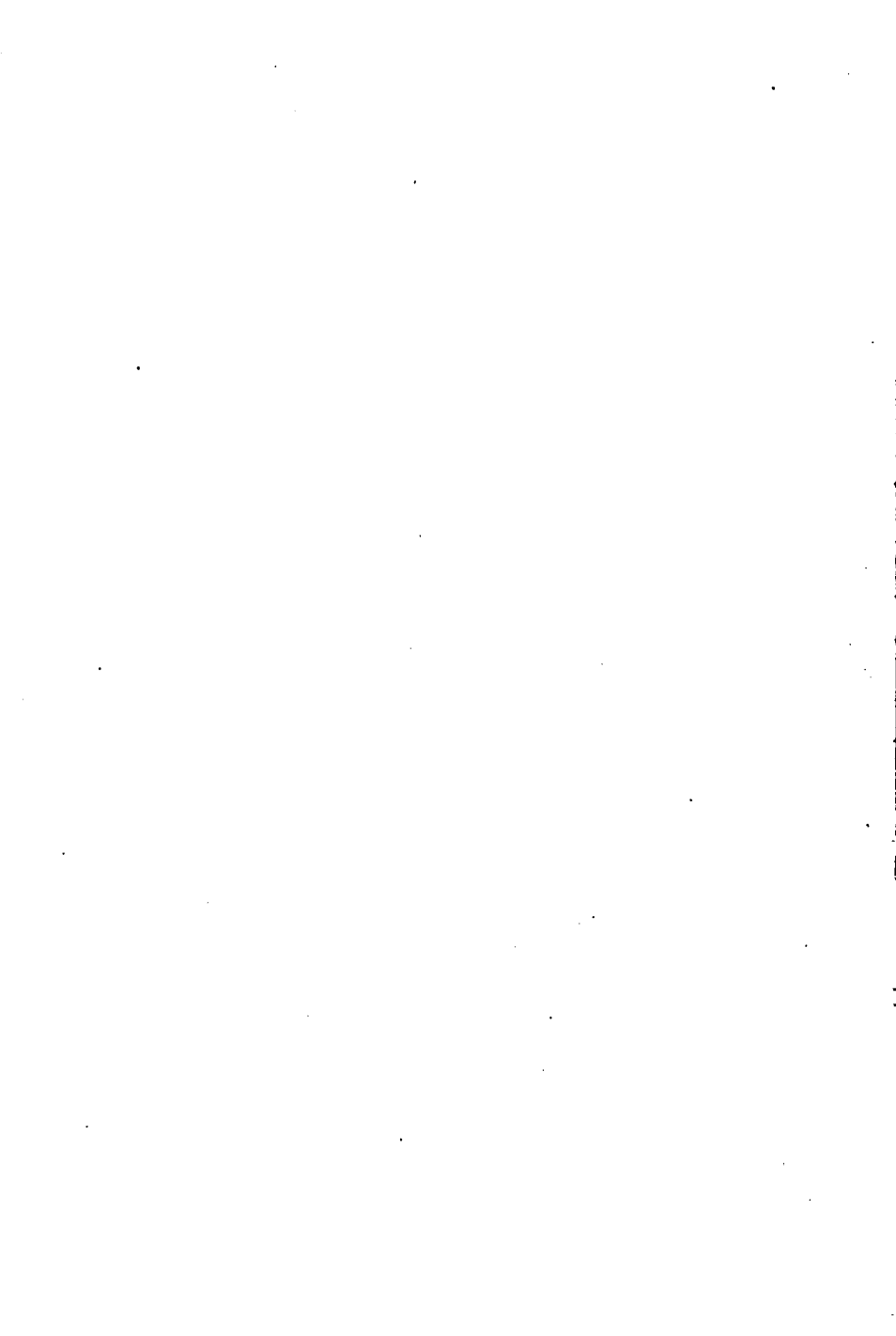
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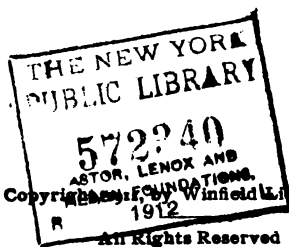
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TO
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*The day-god comes on azure wings of light,
Silver mists soft upstealeth 'round his way;
Changes to silver shadows dense of night,
He spreads his azure mantle o'er the bay.*

*In azure, sky-larks wheel their circled flight,
Drenching earth with silver of their lay;
Silver dewes softly flashing in the light,
Where streams of mirrored azure speed away.*

*Azure air the landscape fair is netting,
It makes a dream of beauty of the hills;
Along the shore the water softly fretting,
Its jewels on the silver sands it spills.*

*When azure skies change to tints of deeper blue,
And stars reflect their silver in the rills;
There's a lisp of silver, in tinkle of the dew,
Whilst streams with silver girdles clasp the hills.*

*When silent, silver moon from out the azure steals,
And all the world is silvered with her light;
A flash of gems the silver sea reveals,
Held close in the silver arms of night.*

WHITE VIOLETS

Than frost-sprite's tracery more fair
The ancient filligree is wrought
That holds thy pictured face;
A fragrant mass about it there—
Violets I place with tender thought
Of all thy regal grace.

O, love! my steadfast heart shrines still
The largess of those rose-lit years—
A deathless love for thee;
Deathless yet conquered by the will,
Though suffering the truce of tears
I bow to Fate's decree.

Though now I wait with hope deferred
Nor share with thee thy woe or weal
I read thy pictured eyes;
Oh, dream! my being's deeps are stirred,
My heart o'er full must yet conceal
The pang until it dies.

A guerdon of our tenderness—
A piercing sorrow sacred grown
As the dew-sweet violets;
That now thy pictured face caress,
White violets cannot atone
Nor soothe life's deep regrets.

The violets still their fragrance keep,
And stainless purity may claim,
As I by strength of will;
But fires in covered embers sleep,
And but a breath may raise the flame,
O, heart be still, be still!

Significance

Love and passion subdued by the will.

A SANCTUARY

A sanctuary the crowded mart may be,
If I but feel the presence of my King;
The sounds that mar—the throngs that jostle me
Unheeded are, within the shadow of His wings.

What, though on either hand the desert's barren
sands?

I catch the rustle of His garment's hem;
Behold, my King! and lo, a temple stands,
Whose walls are wrought of gold and rarest
gems.

The boundless deep—the surging, restless sea,
I lift my eyes, there bends His smiling face;
The waves are stilled—the brooding shadows flee,
Floods all my soul the sunshine of His grace.

Through darkening solitude of woodland ways,
Where silence hushes all to dreamlike rest;
Round me this wondrous, radiant glory plays,
Life hath no woes, I lean upon His breast.

Calm night, a starry sadness in her eyes,
Her mantle casts o'er all the sleeping land;
His gracious presence broodeth from on high,
And I within holy of holies stand.

Dear heart! it matters not nor time nor place,
The cloud capped height the fragrance breathing
sod;

Ever above us bends His loving face!
We close the door and are alone with God.

SONG OF THE SCYTHER

One after the other mowers pass
With song of scythe through swaying grass.

Hush, ah, hush! 'tis the overword

Which all the July day is heard

As scythes swing low.

Clover and thyme and lilies tall

Side by side are lying all.

Ribbons of beauty the long swaths seem,

Richest of gems the scythes agleam

As singing so:

"Hush, ah, hush! and fall asleep

On sunlit mead, on hillside steep;

Hush and sleep,
And sleep."

A wreath of beauty the wild rose spray
Where the bobolink sang his roundelay,

Trilling sweet to his dainty bride,

Petals and songsters scatter wide

As scythes swing low.

Daisies that hid the down nest,

Cardinals with their fiery crest

Bow their heads as keen scythes pass

Over the clover, over the grass,

As singing so:

"Hush, ah, hush! and fall asleep

On sunlit mead, on hillside steep;

Hush and sleep,
And sleep."

Held in amorous clasp of sun,

Grasses sleep till day is done.

One by one their comrades fall,

A fragrant bed where they nestle all

As scythes swing low.

Subtle mists from the fields arise,
They yield their soul till daylight dies;
And still the scythes through clover deep
Onward go with ceaseless sweep;
As singing so:
"Hush! ah, hush and fall asleep
On sunlit mead, on hillside steep;
Hush and sleep,
And sleep."

MY CATHEDRAL

Here stately columns bear aloft,
Of woven boughs a chaste design
A wonder-fashioned dome is formed,
Within this templed, woodland shrine.

Transcept and nave o'er arched with green,
Where jeweled sunbeams softly play;
With richer hues than men have found;
Are windows open to the day.

For this God's holy temple is,
I worship here at nature's shrine;
The dew is in heart of the rose,
Pure as Eucharistic wine.

The chalis is a pure, white lily,
And rarer than men may boast;
Rise perfumes from a thousand censers,
At elevation of the Host.
Here are stones with tints of beryl,
An altar where offerings are laid;
Where with snowy blooms of hawthorne,
A veil for this altar is made.

Faint bells are rung at the altar,
By the stream which softly flows;

Out there through the sunlit meadow,
Where the foam-white daisy grows.

The breeze is the Master player,
The branches are the keys;
Where sounds *Te deum laudamus*,
Of nature's melodies.

Birds and bees have part in the chorus,
The wind and the waves are achime;
An anthem arises triumphant,
And maketh the worship sublime.

When the solemn night-shades wander
The aisles of the sleeping wood;
And the flash of glow-worms lighteth,
This cathedral solitude.

Lies here an altar cloth of mist,
Woven with twilight's purple hue;
And comes a benediction blest—
In softest whispers of the dew.

Sometimes the night-wind soundeth,
As waves of a sobbing sea—
That die in far away echoes,
Like a sad, sad *Miserere*.

'Tis then in my grand cathedral,
I bow in the silence alone;
And pour in the ear of the Master,
All, all that the day hath known.

A MEADOW NOOK

Here languid vines droop in the light—
A lavish yield of perfume sweet;
The heart incense of blossoms bright,
Is trodden out with unseen feet.

FAREWELL

Farewell, farewell thou templed woodland shrine,
About thy columns drifting snows have caught;
The rifled boughs that mesh the winter sky,
But prove how well the Master builder wrought.

The leaves that sang the summer's symphony,
In silken heaps about thy altars lie;
Their fragrant wines the roses heart hath spilled,
The chalice broke with autumn passing by.

The faithful stream in icy fetters held,
Rings still its softly muffled bells;
Whilst through the woods the sad winds make complaint
O'er happy songsters flown from out the dells.

At dusk no Sanctuary lamps are lit,
In wooded aisles where still the night winds roam
The frozen moon looks coldly, calmly down,
And gilds the forest upon the temple's dome.

With bowed head, knee-deep in snow to stand,
To breathe one prayer thy buried altars near;
Though desolation spread on every hand,
The Master still is in His temple here.

SONGS

Perhaps, for human ears, those songs are best,
That breathe the music of the earthly side;
The sacred themes of love and tenderness
In loyal hearts, these shall for aye abide.

AT PASTURE BAR

Up twilight ways the cattle slowly come,
 'Tis eventide,
Mid musk, and balm of dusky calm,
Through bordered lanes where roses bide—
Where bobwhite calls from meadows wide—
The far off bells steal soft and low
Like fairy tinkles, come and go;
Then die in silence far away,
As slowly fades the waning day.

The gold hath paled from out the western sky,
 'Tis eventide,
At pasture bar, two lingering are;
When loitering kine make milking late—
Chiding for one will surely wait;
But one ne'er heeds when lover's eyes
Gleam bright as stars, in evening skies,
The jeweled moments fleeting are—
When trysting at the pasture bar.

The mellow bells grow fainter, fainter still,
 'Tis eventide,
To think, that bells at gloaming heard—
Can bring from out forgotten ways—
Voices, and forms from vanished days;
That dead regrets can rise again,
With old time longing and its pain;
That 'twas I who lingered long ago,
At pasture bar in twilight glow.

THE OLD HARPSICHORD

Some heart was glad that day they brought it home,
And in the stately parlor gave it place;
With praises of its beauty, of its tone.
Some maid demure, with a dainty grace,
Her fingers straying across the keys,
Waking the old-time melodies,
Like silver rain on the window pane;
Struck here and there responsive chords,
That kept sweet time to sacred words
As she sang some old refrain.

Her glad voice blent, with its tone divine,
As she followed "Coronation" line by line;
Or "By Cool Siloam and shady rill"—
It warbled sweet as a linnet's trill.
Through the dear old rooms the music rang,
Her heart kept time to the words she sang.

Oft she sang in the fading light,
When someone called of a Sunday night;
This maid, with her wealth of sunny hair,
In its shining coils and ringlets fair.

Those lips were dust long years ago,
Like summer blossoms 'neath the snow.

Those hands were folded in their rest,
Clasping the lilies to her breast.
While mute it stands, across its keys
No fingers wake sweet melodies.

(At Log Cabin, Palmer Park, Detroit.)

GOD'S MUSIC

There's a grandeur and a glory when the Master
smites the key

Majestic music wakened rises ever to the stars;
When all nature's voices blending into lyric harmony,

They merge into that other stealing through the
heavenly bars.

Te Deum laudamus soundeth when thunders loudly
roll,

We catch its flawless rhythm in mirth of mountain
rills;

The winds repeat its glory as they sweep from pole
to pole,

Echoed back in all its beauty by the silver voiced
hills.

With organ peals of music the breezes sweep the
trees,

We catch a lofty anthem in the lilt of summer
rain;

While a stately strain arises in the surge of opal
seas,

Akin to that which singeth mid the grasses of the
plain.

A psalm old ocean soundeth as it laves the golden
sand,

When its fingers touch the harp strings of strand-
ed shells;

The pines are all a-murmur like bells across the land,
At twilight softly stealing from out the hidden
dells.

Let us try to catch the beauty of this grand unwrit-
ten hymn,

Till the heart shall echo ever its flawless mel-
ody;

May it blend with the supernal when eyes are growing dim.

The song that soundeth ever beside the crystal sea.

THE HOUR IS NOON

A shimmer of heat o'er meadow lands,
In which the fragrant lilies swoon ;
No zephyrs stir the grasses as they stand,—
The hour is noon.

The finished swath, and lo! an idle scythe,
Of stone on steel there is no merry rune ;
Within the shade the stalwart mower lies,—
The hour is noon.

Through rifted boughs, with half-shut eyes,
He views the blue of summer skies.

His thoughts are all of a maiden true,
With witching eyes of self-same hue.

A happy dream in the drowsy shade,
With insects' hum and birds atune ;
Is it any wonder his thoughts have strayed?—
The hour is noon.

This one glad hour, so free from care,
The breath of hay—the sun-steeped air—

Hath filled his soul with dream divine,
The present drowned in leathen wine.

The future all one lovelit day—
Oh, that youth and dreams might last away!

A shimmer of heat o'er meadow lands,
In which the fragrant lilies swoon;
No zephyrs stir the grasses as they stand,—
The hour is noon.

CHRISTMAS EVE

I wreath the frame with holly,
As it hangs upon the wall;
Where the radiant, winter sunset,
With its lingering rays will fall—
And light the face there pictured,
All that's earthly, Love! of thee;
As from out the holly berries,
It is smiling down on me.

Christmas eve! the angel daylight,
Shyly, softly steals away;
And thy picture fadeth gently,
In the calm, enfolding gray.
But thy lovelit eyes, my darling!
Look again within mine own;
As memory grown triumphant,
Back unto the past hath flown.

Where the gates swing in the silence,
As I pass with bowed head;
For the hall of memory holdeth,
Treasures sacred to my dead.
And thy presence moves beside me,
Fair, and girlish as of old;
While we dream life's dream together,
With its wealth of bliss untold.

* * * * *

They have brought the lamps, my darling!
In their softened light I see,
Thy sweet face 'mid holly berries,
Smiling down again on me.

But the joy the dream hath brought me,
Dwells like music in my soul;
Fills this lonely heart with longings,
Far beyond my weak control.
But thy lips, from out the holly,
Seem to whisper low to me;
"Patience! just a little longer,
And God's purpose thou shalt see."

SUNDOWN

O amber cloud adown the fading west,
Thou holdeth still kiss of departed sun!
So round some soul a memory blest
Lingers long when earthly life is done.

THE ROYAL GORGE

O'er awed! there are no words for such as this.
Hewn by the Master Hand, those mighty walls,
Which upward rear their cloudswept battlements—
In naked grandeur stand before their God.
Ah! rightly named; the rarest gems boast not
Of richer hues than those that tint thy walls.
When purple robe of day round thee is thrown,
And sunset crowns thee with her diadem—
Then must man bow and own thy royalty.

SUMMER MORN

Green and gold and glitter,
With glint of dew-sprent leaves;
Silken rows of swallows atwitter
On the edge of the stuccoed eaves.

MOTHER

As oft I laid in twilight gray,
My tired head upon thy knee;
So would I gladly come each day,
And tell my sorrows all to thee.

To feel thy touch upon the hair,
That long hath worn the silver hue;
But still the oldtime need is there,
For thy dear love deathless, true.

Mother, mother! canst thou know,
The long, lone hours of toil and care
Till day by day I miss thee so,
When comes the hour for evenprayer?

Come once again just as of old,
Bringing the softly shaded light;
The counterpane about me fold,
And kiss thy boy good night, good night.

AMONG THE MAIZE

One year ago, among the maize,
She stood, and waited for her love;
His whistle heard through woodland ways,
The rustle of the blades above.

A joyous shout, a springing step,
And then the close enfolding arms—
Of him for whom this tryst she kept,
Amid October's golden charms.

Far off, in softest azure air,
The vales lay hushed in Sabbath rest;
And heaven's gateway opened there,
When heart to heart its love confessed.

While hand in hand, through sunlit ways,
They walked the leaf-strewn paths along;
And talked, and planned for future days,
Or happy voices blent in song.

* * * * *

One year ago, one little year—
Her lover sleeps in Cuban grave;
A lonely grave, oh! fate austere,
The largess of her heart she gave.

Alone, she stands among the maize,
Where autumn leaves drop softly down;
No whistle sounds o'er tuneless ways,
Earth wears her silence like a crown.

But dreaming o'er life's yesterday—
The words they said, the songs they sung;
Life is so long! and far away
Their meeting seems to one so young.
Detroit, Mich., 1899.

DRIFTING

Drifting today through woven shade and shine,
The clasping waters kiss the lazy keel;
While earth and sky seem filled with rest divine,
Its leathean balm o'er all my senses steal.

Here fairest shores, whose sands the ripples lave,
In sunlit glades their brightest charms unfold;
A sea of bloom with many a crested wave
Where lilies lift their hearts of rarest gold.

The day grows on yet keeps the calm of dawn;
In dreamy haze the hills are lying mute;
But nature here her sweetest chords hath drawn
In faintest touch across her vine strung lute.

Night hovers down and all the glimmering land
Seems filled with voiceless sweet farewells;
Her touch of peace is felt on every hand,
Yet in it all a nameless sadness dwells.

Which fills my soul as still I onward glide,
Where silver willows droop above the stream
While silence stands a presence at my side,
And hushes all in one sweet lotus dream.

THROUGH SUNSET BAR

On noiseless sandals comes the twilight hour,
Lighting her path with one lone star;
Whispers "Good Night" to sleeping flower,
Through sunset bar.

Yet not one sound the perfect stillness mar,
But with healing touch—with soothing power—
Where e'er on earth the weary toilers are,
Sooth them to rest in sleep's sequestered bower.
Thus, to each soul, as glad news from afar,
Let sweet peace come, a blessed dower,
Through sunset bar.

NATURE

Nature hides unsightly places,
Hangs her wreath and drapes the vine;
Scatters wide her summer roses,
Making all the ways divine.

AMBITION

This greed that crowds the weaker to the wall,
Desire for place that pulls another down;
Who heedeth nought except wealth's siren call,
And greeteth all that's sacred with a frown.

UNDER THE LILACS

It seemeth so strange, this silence, sweetheart!

That falleth between us tonight;

Invisible barriers holding apart .

My soul from thine in the light.

A strange, new look on thy face, sweetheart!

As tho' thrall'd in ineffable bliss;

Sealed of the great mystery's seal thou art,

Placed there by an angel's kiss.

'Tis of the old days I'm thinking, sweetheart!

How I whispered, good night, and still

How I lingered and lingered, loth to depart,

For my home just over the hill.

I knew I should see thee with morn's early light,

Yet it was hard, so hard, to bid thee, good night.

I knew I might soon claim mine own, sweetheart!

You promised that night 'neath the stars;

When from the gay throng we'd wandered apart,

Where lilacs drooped over the bars.

We've oft worn their purple since then, sweetheart!

For sorrow thus crowneth her own;

We've known of life, its rapture, its smart,

We've shared its laughter, its moan.

We are alone in the silence, sweetheart!

As of old I'm lingering still;

The time hath come when again we must part,

And one take the way o'er the hill.

Where, tomorrow they'll bury thee away from sight,

'Tis hard, oh! so hard to bid thee, good night.

I kneel at thy side in the silence, sweet heart!

I bow, for our God knoweth best;

'Tis mine to weep for a reason apart,
And thine the guerdon of rest.

Through tear wet lilacs, purple and white,
I kiss thy dear lips, sweetheart! good night.

BOB WHITE

Ah! well I know the woods are fair,
I know what flowers are blooming there,
Bob White!

Afield I dare not leave the team.
I can only lean on the plow and dream,
Whilst thou art calling "Bob White!"
Bob White.

There was a time, as barefoot boy,
The world abloom and life all joy,
Bob White,
I followed thy call through dewy glade,
It never led where nests were made,
Whilst thou wert calling "Bob White!"
Bob White.

The same cool dews on bare, brown feet,
The path to school through bending wheat,
Bob White!
Sweet fragrance fills the summer air,
The old-time joys and friends are there:
They come with thy calling "Bob White!"
Bob White.

And one dear girl, with heavenly eyes,
An angel fair in human guise,
Bob White,
Comes back, and all the radiant ways

Trill into song, as in those days,
Whilst thou art calling "Bob White!"
Bob White.

If all the weary years could give
One hour of that sweet time to live,
Bob White,
One little hour! a boy again,
'Though its end would bring the olden pain,
I would bless thy calling "Bob White!"
Bob White.

ACROSS THE YEARS

There is no loss, the breath of violets
And sweet, wild things outlast the fading years;
Like the golden glory of fair sunsets—
So joys with us abide whilst we forget the tears.

The winter moon that lies across the snow,
The rosy mists the distant range enfold;
Are things that live from out the long ago,
Though oft their changes hath the seasons told.

Rank after rank of lilies pure and fair,
Have come with every golden summertide;
The one, tear-wet, we laid against her hair,
Of this sisterhood the one that hath not died.

O, friend! the words you whispered long ago,
Are those that come with all their old-time cheer;
So young and fair is still the face I know,
Of one who hath been dust for many a year.

BESIDE THE STREAM

All day upon the river's bank I've lain,
In this holy, restful, golden calm;
My heart hath lost its weary, gnawing pain,
Soothed by the river's ceaseless psalm,
Singing so softly, onward, toward the sea—
A tender, sweet behest,
Which bids me rest.

Here, where the hillside meadow sloping down,
Lies a billowy mass of waving bloom,
The clover gaily lifts its crimson crown,
Flings wantonly abroad its sweet perfume.
I watch the fragrant billows toss and break
In glory o'er my breast,
As here I rest.

The zephyrs, straying 'mid the bowers,
Have brought me whispers from the far-off pines;
Music, soft as sighing summer showers,
Or summer airs among the fragrant vines,
Have lulled each sense, until, like new-shrived soul,
With every sin confessed,
I calmly rest.

I did not know I had so weary grown,
Or rest could be so wondrous or so sweet,
To lie and list' the insects' drowsy drone
Amid the bloom which o'er my eyelids meet—
Those tired eyelids gently close, as if
With tiny fingers prest'
And so I rest.

And thus, shut out all scenes of earth from view,
Hushed every sound of worldly strife,
While o'er me bends the heaven's tender blue,

Beyond which lies the land of endless life—
When day is done we have its portals seen
 In sunset-glowing West—
 Ah! there is rest!

How near it seems, this summer land to-day!
 The perfumed air that fans my brow,
Speaks of its vales, where gleaming waters play—
 A foretaste of its peace is with me now!
And so I gladly yield each weary sense
 Unto its influence blest—
 And calmly rest.
Stratford-on-Avon, May, 1889.

SOMEWHERE

Take Thou my hand! this is my hour of need,
 The night is here and where my path may lead—
I know not, Lord! and yet why need I care?
 If Thou dost lead 'twill end in light somewhere.
 Somewhere.

Hold Thou me firm for I shall stumble oft,
 I can but feel the way, no light aloft
Breaks through the veiling mists to guide me there,
 But Thou shalt lead me on to light somewhere.
 Somewhere.

I do not ask that I may understand—
 Nor wish to see, only hold Thou my hand;
Stay Thou my faith as slow I onward fare,
 Till it give sight within the light somewhere.
 Somewhere.

GOLDENROD

See! the golden rod is gleaming
In each nook and tangle wild;
Where the autumn light lies dreaming,
Its wealth of gold is piled.
It is massed in shining beauty,
Till its blossoms sweep the sod;
Nature's herald of the autumn,
A flame of golden rod.

Till it seems the miser woodlands,
No more of wealth can hold;
Every field with lavish hands
Are lifting up their gold.
It was spread a regal carpet
Where she in triumph trod;
With her herald of the autumn,
A flame of golden rod.

The maples in crimson beauty
And the beeches all ablaze;
Stand like sentinels on duty,
To guard the woodland ways.
'Tis here the summer's largess,
In the breezes, sway and nod;
Nature's herald of the autumn,
A flame of golden rod.

EVENSONG

O mothers with your cradle songs,
Ye gird the world at eventide;
Joined with unseen angelic throngs,
Who watch the babe beside.

A silken skein of melody,
Woven 'mid twilight soft and low;
Such tender lays as Mary sang,
To Jesus long ago.

No arms like mother-arms can shield,
No song hath soothing note like this;
To which the restless spirit yields,
And sleep comes with thy kiss.

O mother! fold thy treasure close,
For soon, ah, soon the feet may roam;
Perchance be lost among the host,
And songless be thy home.

Let this glad hour to song be given,
In which no trace of fret may bide;
Methinks the song began in heaven,
Now sung at eventide.

AT THE END OF THE VALLEY

O, love! does the sunshine still rest o'er the valley,
The stream still glisten with breeze-rippled tide;
Doth it babble as sweet, as the children who rally,
A flower-crowned bevy, to roam at its side?

O! the sunlight that lay athwart the fair valley,
What day we walked there in perfect content,
We revealed in odor of pinons, and roses,
The sights—the sounds which in nature are blent.

Light was our converse as we walked down the
valley,
No semblance of that which pressed on the heart;
That one alone, would walk back through the valley,
For at its far end our pathways must part.

At the end of the valley, love! there were shadows,
At the end of the valley, the river grew still;
Not even a whisper as through the fair meadow,
That stretches away beyond the blue hills.

We said our farewell, at the end of the valley,
And each took our way in silence alone;
Nor deemed we should grieve o'er this parting, to-
morrow,
Or long for the paths together we've known.

The roses had drooped at the end of the valley,
Their wind-swept petals were strewn o'er the
plain;
They spoke to our heart, their message unerring,
"Paths once severed may unite not again."

At the end of the valley, pines sigh their sadness,
And strew with their needles the blossom-lit sod;
But the peaks reach upward through sunshine and
shadow,
Their brows veiled in snow, as they lift them to
God.

ASHES

An oldtime letter stained with tears,
A gleam of flame, and the missive lay
An ashen heap, like the dust of years
Which shrouds that dream with its hopes and fears;
Dream of that far off day.

A woman's heart was written there—
An anguish keen, as earth may know;
As yielding to a lone despair,
She penned those words on the pages fair,
Ah! that was long ago.

She wrote as one when hope hath died,
As if her very heart was rent;
Until she stood bereft of pride,
As if she saw no way beside,
And so the letter forth was sent.

I watched the flame creep softly on,
I saw the characters aglow;
"Strange so much of life hath gone,
And this sad heart must still beat on."
Words she wrote long, long ago.

But she with folded hands hath lain,
For years, beneath the rose's snow;
Hath learned that human hopes are vain—
That earthly love hath too its pain;
Ah! that was long ago.

DESIRE

It seems so thin, this veil which hides Thy face,
Thy pitying human, face, oh! Christ, from me;
I sometimes long, e'en for the briefest space,
To lift the veil, and all its beauty see.
Could I live on and miss its tender grace?
Or would that one brief glimpse suffice for aye,
The craving of a hungry soul to satisfy.

Still must I bide content with such vague glance,
I sometimes catch in face of fellow man;
And in the seasons' change, as they advance—
Which speak of Thee, as only nature can.
The pure white lilies all ablow; perchance
A dove at even, winging to its nest,
Tells me of Thee, who had no place of rest.

Seems then, Thy pitying gaze on me is bent,
And all my longing soul in one wild cry

For clearer vision, would the veil were rent!
Thus, face to face, oh! Christ, behold Thee nigh.
Never such view for mortal eye was sent?
Still this desire consumes me; Master, dear!
I shall yet behold Thee, then why not here?

A REVERIE

So fierce hath grown the city's heat,
Its strife, its rush, its awful din;
Its glaring paves that scorch the feet,
Its stifling walls that shut me in.

I know where purple hills adream,
Fold round a valley half divine;
And where a shallow, lazy stream,
Flashes back the gold sunshine.

I know where waters fall asleep,
Where anchored lilies calmly ride;
There netted in silken grasses deep,
The wary fishes safely bide.

I know where paths wind on and on,
Half hidden in the nectored gloom;
Until a sylvian depth is won,
Where treasures of the woodlands bloom.

I know where silence reigns supreme,
Deep in the twilight solitude;
Not e'en a whisper of the stream,
Disturbs sweet nature's restful mood.

I know where softest hillocks lie,
In velvet mosses buried deep;
Where wreathing vines shut out the sky,
There let me lie and sleep, and sleep.

JUNE

Sunshine and song, song and sunshine,
Through leaves dew-gemmed
Filter like amber wine.
About her brow fair garlands twine,
For roses fill each fragrant lane,
Where all the day the odor-laden breeze
In rose leaf cradles rock the lazy bees,
And to the drowsy fellows sings a lullaby,
A tender rhythmic rune.
Ah, this is June!

MAN

Thou the Creator's masterpiece, O man!
Fashioned in His image so divine;
In thee is perfected His highest plan,
Mystery and miracle in thee combine.

BRINGING HOME THE COWS

Isled afar in roseate splendor,
The hills have caught the after glow;
The brooklet's rune is low and tender,
Where tangled sedge and lilies grow.

'Tis milking time; from pasture bar
The merry cow-boy's cheery call
Steals up the vale, like bells afar,
And mingles with the soft dew-fall.
Twilight with trailing robe draws near,
And blends the scene in nun-like gray;
And still the cheery call we hear,
As kine come loitering up the way.

Knee-deep among the lilies fair,
They linger at the limpid stream

To crop the cresses growing there,
And there the cow-boy halts to dream.

Bright stars shine out in evening sky,
Weave o'er the brook a silver sheen;
A vision fair with love-lit eyes,
The milk-maid waits upon the green.
Then from his dream young Rollin wakes,
And then with loud, impatient "whoop!"
With havoc, which his rose-switch makes,
Drives up the lane the panting troop.

His work was done; and yet he stayed;
On slight pretext he lingered still,
And in the gloaming watched the maid
With snowy milk her bright pails fill.

Let down the bars that she might pass,
He saw her take the homeward way;
Yet never a word, alas, alas,
Could the faint-hearted Rollin say.
She read his secret in his face,
And let her trembling lashes fall;
Then homeward sped on quicken'd pace,
And in her dreams still heard his call.

Long years have flown, and hand in hand,
'Tis milking time, and gathered there,
Among the mild-eyed kine they stand,
A gray-haired man and matron fair.

And as the even shadows fall,
She, musing o'er that far-off time,
Hears once again the cow-boy's call
Come up the vale—a fairy chime.
Long, long they halt beside the bars,
The night winds kiss their silver'd brows;
Then 'neath the peaceful evening stars,
They follow home the loitering cows.

NIGHT ON THE MOOR

In solitude unbroken the moorlands stretch away,
And o'er them frowns a wild, tumultuous sky;
Where gleamed the lighted pyre of slowly passing
day,
Within its sombre folds the smothered embers lie.

No more to deepest gold its lights the burnished ling,
No more the dingle's rocky depth is shown;
Only the jagged tors against its murk is limned,
Whilst mystery claims the landscape for its own.

Across the purple banks of heather bloom,
Soft steals the shadow of advancing night;
Mist banks roll up and swathe it all in gloom,
Folded and hushed the moorlands fade from sight.

LILIES

June's arms are full of lilies all ablow;
Above the palings gleam their fragrant snow.
With eyes grown dim I seem again to see
My mother's face all crowned with silver hair,
As framed with lilies pure and fair
I viewed it long ago,
A sainted face, pure as the lilies there.

Since then the lilies June bringeth me
The ghosts of lilies seem to be.
That left a fragrant memory,
Of fading long ago.

PERFECT DAYS

There grows no statelier joy above
Than we have found in quiet ways,
Where God has written out His love
In one of these, our perfect days.

INVOCATION

Come to me now, in the hush of the gloaming,
The wearisome day at last is done;
Its cares and ills have perplexed me sorely,
I welcomed with gladness the setting of sun.

The powers, dear Lord, of which I have boasted
Have failed, nor aid from friend hath been mine;
While lone despair for its own hath claimed me,
When strength I have trusted other than Thine.

No joy have I known without Thy dear presence,
Since first I knelt in tears at Thy feet;
Thou hast filled each need, O Lord, and sustained
me,
And showered my path with blessings so sweet.

Dear Master, Thou art my only dependence,
With faith I come, and this is my plea;
Thou never hath failed, who've trusted Thee fully,
I know Thy grace is sufficient for me.

My hope is in Thee, Thou rock of salvation,
Nothing can harm me whatever assail;
In Thy dear name I know I shall conquer,
Who carries this watchword must ever prevail.

Come to me now, in the hush of the gloaming,
O! make my life with Thy presence complete;
I do not ask that Thy arms shall enfold me,
Only to lie in the dust at Thy feet.

AN OLD ROAD

An old wood road, long, long unused,
Branch-strewn and tangled vines:
Unsightly way?
Nay, nay! for merry, lap-filled May
Hath spilled her dandelions,
And all the grass is thickly strewn with gold.

An old wood road, a royal way,
With vistas wondrous fair:
Of brambled weald?
Nay, nay! Of hill and bloom-dashed field,
Netted soft in azure air,
The path thereto is thickly strewn with gold.

An old wood road, embowered way,
All dim with dewy light:
Hath creeping things?
Nay, nay! for there the wild bird sings;
And from the distant-wooded height
A tiny stream laughs through this path of gold.

An old wood road, a golden way,
Sunshine above and dandelions ablow:
A love-lit way?
Ah, yes! here happy lovers stray
To talk within the twilight's glow,
And all their world takes on the hue of gold.

TWILIGHT

Twilight and calm and lingering afterglow,
The broad, still field,
Save one lone cricket among the ripened grain.
What is this fills the heart akin to pain,
As the golden past its treasures yield
Its memories of twilights long ago?
Ah, me! the twilights long ago!

"WHEN THE ROSES BLOOM AGAIN"

Every thorn the frost hath jeweled,
White wreaths hang where roses smiled;
Earth in winter bondage held—
'Neath the snowdrifts undefiled
She is waiting in the silence,
For the time when robins sing;
So, oh Love! my heart is waiting,
For the roses blossoming.

What to me this winter whiteness,
Or that gray may veil the skies?
Roselit June in all her brightness,
Waits with lovelight in her eyes.
And her arms are filled with roses,
That shall crown the perfect day,
Light the fields and garden closes,
When the snow hath passed away.

We no longer shall remember
Gloom and tears which have been ours;
New evangels glad and tender,
June shall write in fragile flowers.
June, O June! thou queen of beauty,
Nature sings her sweetest strain;
So, O Love! my heart keeps saying,
"When the roses bloom again."

Sings my heart this glad refrain,
"When the roses bloom again."

OUR SHIPS

We watch the stately ships that glide,
Across the bar;
Out with the silent, ebbing tide,
To lands afar,
Their spreading sails, in sunset light,
With radiant gold are all aglow,
Then gleam like star beams on the snow—
As in the calm, enfolding night,
They pass from sight.
Somewhere 'mid gloom they're sailing on,
O'er trackless way;
With naught to show where they have gone,
Like specters gray.
Somewhere, with prow unswerving set,
Cleaving the billows as they rise;
Onward 'neath the solemn skies,
Unheeding, though the storms that fret,
Their path beset.

With prayers we follow through the night,
O'er waters dark;
And know, our God will guide aright,
Each freighted barque.
When morn shall glint each topmost spar,
Our ships shall grandly round the pier;
And with their lights still burning clear,
Sail steady in across the bar,
Where havens are.

IN THE WOODS

Dark hemlock boughs droop over
This jewel-hearted pool,
The sedges cluster round it
With leafage dim and cool.

There's a glint of golden sunlight,
A hint of fallen sky;
In the depth of tranquil waters
The penciled shadows lie.

OFFERTORY

What shall I offer Thee, dear Christ?
Thou art so pure, what gift is meet?
Of old, men brought the dove, the lamb,
But I have only lilies sweet.
See, Lord! I kneel and humbly lay
Them at Thy feet.

All I possess are these, dear Christ!
The purest dew's their petals gem.
See how they nestle round Thy feet,
And touch Thy snowy garment's hem.
Who touched of old, Thy virtue proved,
Wilt heal as them?

Dost Thou accept my gift, dear Christ?
Thou art so pure, so undefiled.
Compassion in Thy face I read
And know that we are reconciled,
Oh, cleanse me as the lilies pure,
Thy wayward child!

THE MUSIC OF GOD

The musing organist at twilight hour,
When listless fingers touch the waiting keys,
Will wake some chord whose subtle power
Soothes the soul, like whispering breeze
That sways the sleeping flower.

A moment his, then gone forever here—
This mystery so viewless; who shall tell,

When once 'tis lost unto our feeble ear,
If still through space the tender echoes swell,
Till wondering angels hear.

Deftly the fingers strive to wake again,
And forth the blended harmonies may roll;
Yet touches the responsive keys in vain—
Only a memory now; but in the soul
Lingers the sweet refrain.

They are not lost, those strains which vanished seem,
For He who inspired this glorious art
Hath wedded them to heaven's loftiest theme,
In which seraphim and angels bear a part,
Sweeter than mortals deem.

CRADLE SONG

Sweet and low the wood bird cooeth,
Soft the leaf-hid cradles sway;
When the night breeze gently wooeth,
From the hill tops far away.
Now the wee, wild birdlings rest,
Safe within the downy nest.

We can hear the plaintive calling,
Of the night-hid whip-poor-will;
And the dewrops gently falling,
When whispering winds are still.
Now the wee, wild birdlings rest,
Safe within the downy nest.

Softest lights are calmly dreaming,
Where the tranquil waters lie,
From the stars so brightly beaming,
In the purple shaded sky.
Rest my wee, wild birdling rest,
Safe upon thy mother's breast.

THE MIDNIGHT ANGELUS

Silver stars are veiled from sight,
'Neath them sullen storm clouds drift;
Not one faintest ray of light,
Smiling through some friendly rift.

Outside, 'mid the velvet gloom,
'Round my casement, drips the rain;
Where the rose's fragile bloom,
Lean wet faces 'gainst the pane.

In my heart responsive sadness,
Meets the sobbing of the wind;
Earth hath not one trace of gladness,
Nor one comfort can I find.

It is well! all nature grieveth,
'Tis the lot of man to mourn;
And the fate the heart receiveth,
Like the roses, drenched and torn.

* * * * *

List! the convent bells, soft pealing,
Trembles on the rain filled air;
Comes the midnight angelus stealing,
With its pleading call to prayer.

Low bows the head o'er clasping hands,
The heart's true needs, the lips repeat;
Faith, ever waiting near us stands,
To lead the way with willing feet.

From rain, and gloom, heavenward lifted,
Speeds the soul on winged prayer;
Instantly the clouds are rifted,
Gleams the cross in glory there.

Rain, and tears have too their mission,
'Neath them blossoms spring most fair;
Hope shall reach a glad fruition,
God will answer, cry and prayer.

THE JUNGFRAU

Is it the frost sprites' dainty tracery
'Gainst the sky's blue window pane we see,
With skillful pencil drawn?
So fair, so exquisitely pure she seems,
So like the fabric of our sweetest dreams,
Which fadeth with the dawn.

DREAMS

O for the dreams our boyhood knew!
Lying where the clover grew
On the sunlit banks of a singing stream,
Wonderful things we were to do,
Glimpses rare where the sun peeped through,
A world all rose and gold and blue;
Viewed through the crown of an old straw hat
As it shaded the face from noonday sun,
When bees and brook stole into our dream,
There was nought but dream till day was done.

NATURE'S CHOIR

What voices 'neath the skies of June,
What wondrous hymns of praise arise;
When all in nature sings in tune,
Her grand unwritten melodies.

O nature's choir! how sweet thy song,
When zephyrs touch the vibrant strings
Of leaves and reeds—a mighty throng—
And every brook an anthem sings.

HOME-WARD

Only the dip of a lonely oar—
While starbeams on the wet blades play;
With measured stroke, toward the silent shore,
A shadow glides o'er the watery way.

All else is silent—the winds are still;
And a hush wraps the sleeping town;
The noiseless flood, with a restless will,
Slips toward the west, where stars go down.

Night follows close on the vanished day,
And veils the shores from longing eyes;
Now only the surge of the waters gray,
Only the hush of the solemn skies.

To catch the sound, each sense is strained,
For the kiss of keel on silver sand;
That tells, at last, the haven gained,
A refuge safe in the dear home land.

Weary? ah, yes! as the oars are plied,
Lonely? God knows, and the shores lie far;
Long since the song on the lip hath died,
We long for rest where loved ones are.

'NEATH SUMMER SKIES

How calm the stream that slipped away,
With fullest curve and sleekest line,
Through intervalles with pearls agray,
Where morn had spilled her dewy wine.

Lulled in a dream of shade and sheen,
A world in summer radiance dressed
Enfolds it midst its hills of green,
A smiling naiad thrall'd in rest.

Amidst the sedges' tangled hair,
By shady pools of liquid glass,
Fair, golden lilies clustered there
And kissed the wet blades as we passed.

There all the scents and sounds of June,
The breath of roses newly born,
With nature's voices all atune,
Float o'er the fields of bending corn.

Soft breathes the music-pinioned breeze
And sets the swaying boughs atune,
The roses hide the murmuring bees
Whilst clustering round the gates of June.

Midst fields knee-deep in meadow grass
Old forests dim with greening shade
Throw cooling shadows as we pass
On quiet oar adown the glade.

Ah! how they lured, those gleaming curves,
Amidst the valley's graceful trend,
Till from desire we may not swerve.
What lies beyond the distant bend?

A sweep of oars—it stood revealed!
Embowered cot and flashing rill;
Amidst the willows, half concealed,
Were other bends that lured us still.

In breeze-kissed splendor ripples broke
In bands of silver 'cross its tide,
O'er which we sped with measured stroke
And moored us at the farther side.

Still unexplored the distance lies.
'Tis ever thus with life, oh, friend!
We gaze before with longing eyes—
What lies beyond that other bend?

AN OLD WALL

A broken wall, sun-kissed, is shown
Through shimmer soft of tangled vines—
An olden wall, all lichen grown,
With thirsty mosses toned in age
To amber wines.

In leafy mould half sunken lie
The granite boulders at its side,
With ferns and wind-flowers blooming nigh;
And shy, wild things of field and grove
In peace abide.

Here, beechen boughs with silvery gleams
Wave gently, and their whisper low
Is echoed by a threadlike stream
Which unseen goes through hollows dim,
With rhythmic flow.

Sun steeped, the scented mists arise,
Till all the vale seems netted fair—
Till wall, and hill, and summer skies
Melt quite away in softest sheen
Of azure air.

CRESCENT MOON

Oh, crescent moon!
Oh, crescent moon!
Adown the west the witching spell
Is woven by thy mystic light.
One hath likened thee to a stranded shell—
Thus to me thou seemeth to be,
A glittering shell on the shore of night,
The desolate shore of night.

Oh, crescent moon!

Oh, crescent moon!

Like thee so far adown the west—

Beneath the skies where sunsets fade;

Is the grave of her I love the best.

Thus to me, it seemeth to be,

My all! My all! in that grave was laid,

With a breaking heart that grave was made.

Oh, crescent moon!

Oh, crescent moon!

Like thee the seasons wax and wane;

Each summer brings the roses fair—

She my beloved comes not again.

Thus to me, a memory,

Is all my lone heart hath to share,

A deathless woe, a sad despair.

SORROW

Imperious sorrow oft hath been my guest,

She cometh garbed in hues of ashen gray;

Each precinct e'en most sacred doth infest,

And who shall say her nay?

She sups with me and quaffs the wine of tears,

She drains the chalice to its very lees;

Then for a season goes her way.

An angel she who cometh in sombre guise,

With each call the rebellious heart is gaining.

A spirit chastened, and the loosened ties

Set all the soul with its longings straining

To grasp the heavenly prize.

ONE AFTERNOON

Life hath few afternoons like this,
Such balmy airs, such tranquil skies,
And on the fields the sun's warm kiss,
Like that which rests o'er paradise.

Scarce dimpled was the stream which lay
Its cool, wet brow against the sand;
No murmur as it slipped away
Across the breadth of sunlit land;

Took on the hue of summer sky
Where banks grew dim with dewy light
From dusky willows growing nigh,
Slipped from the sunshine into night.

We two alone passed down the lane
Where willows marked the sliding brook,
Then took the meadow path again
Through ferny haunt and flowery nook.

How much one afternoon may hold
Of treasure rare to memory given!
How much, dear heart, is left untold,
So brief the hours, so near like heaven!

From 'neath the willows' olive gloom,
Where silken grasses dreaming lie,
We watch the flower of sunset bloom,
Gild with its heavenly alchemy.

The distant hills, the lea, the stream,
As if to crown the day more fair,
Set all the village lights agleam,
Bathed in a sea of amber air.

So sped the radiant afternoon,
So soon did purple shades appear
In lengthened lines, and all too soon
Night wept o'er earth her jeweled tears.

THISTLE-DOWN

Like shreds of lace the silvery thistle-down
Floats lightly up, so gay
This dreamy autumn day;
It gleams above the maple's crimson crown
And seems to melt in sunlight gold away.

The radiant spring a memory long hath been,
And faded into gloom
The summer's sweetest bloom;
This thistle-down is but their ghost I ween
Which hangs its wreaths above the summer's
tomb.

See where the ivy flings her banners wide
Where forest monarchs frown
From bowlders, old and brown,
Around whose base the crystal waters glide,
Bears on its crest the filmy thistle-down.

It veils the nest from which the brood hath flown,
Now is hushed full long—
The happy builder's song;
So soon the winter's bitter winds will moan
Through leafless groves with wailings sad and
long.

Thank God, dear heart! that something still abides;
Though but the ghost of flowers
They speak of summer hours.
To us such joyous hours; what e'er betide,
Of weal or woe, fond memories still are ours.

TIRED

Day's peaceful close, the evening star,
And one faint ray adown the fading west;
An aureole crowning the hills afar,
Where one lone bird slow winging to its nest,
Brings to my soul a message sweet of rest.

I have need of rest! the day hath been so long,
Have vainly tried as in the fading past,
To gird my loins and so be brave and strong;
Ah, me! that one must be a child until the last,
Fit sometimes even for the cradle song.

Touch thou our eyes with kindly sleep, O, Night!
The little ones long since have left their play,
Sorrow and care have stolen our delight;
Weary? aye, too weary even to pray!
But strength shall come, please God! with morn-
ing light.

A MEMORY

'Tis of the twilight's softened glow,
The tired head on mother's breast;
The cradle song sung soft and low,
The drifting into rest.

AUTUMN LEAVES

In silken rustle of drifting leaves,
We catch the whisper of passing years;
Earth hath her graves, these are the wreathes,
O'er which sad autumn drops her tears.

DON'T MIND IT DEAR

As one who leads a little child,
O'er woodland ways;
Sometimes 'mid shadows piled—
Sometimes where sunbeams play
Across the roses dewy sweet.
Bidding it note the brooks low rune—
The lilt of birds—the lisping tune
Of dew sprent leaves.
And if unheeding, little feet,
Are pierced with flint or sharpened thorn,
The while it grieves,
Soothes, oh! so gently falling tear,
Kisses the flesh, so bruised and torn,
Whispers the while, "Don't mind it dear!"

While heeding, it most bravely tries—
Looks up through tears to other eyes,
Sees dwelling there, love infinite,
Smiles through its tears and thus forgets.

Dear, heart! so oft-times bruised and torn,
O'er ways with thorns so thickly set;
Look up, look up! through lashes wet,
The Father's eyes smile into thine.
Bruised? ah, yes! but Love divine—
Still leadeth here.
Thy way may seem with ills beset,
Thou shalt, too, each woe forget,
Don't mind it dear!

I WAIT FOR THEE

I wait for Thee!
As one who through the vale's deep night
Lifts longing eyes, and fain would see
If there be trace of dawning light,
Gropes blindly o'er his weary way,
Looks ever for the coming day;
So would I, Lord, Thy dear face see.
I wait for Thee.

I wait for Thee!
As desert places wait the rain;
Though nought of verdure there may be—
A burning stretch of barren plain.
As those who toil amid its glare,
Long for some cooling shadow there;
That Thou my shielding rock may be.
I wait for Thee.

I wait for Thee!
As one who watches from afar,
When tossed upon tempestuous sea,
The gleaming light from harbor bar.
Longs there at anchor safe to ride,
All sheltered from the storm and tide;
Thus to my soul a refuge be.
I wait for Thee.

CROSSES

We mortals make the crosses that we bear,
Our will opposing God's, who knoweth best;
Hath lain on each that He hath deemed our share,
We grow rebellious 'neath His wise behest.

WOODS AT NIGHT

When winter's fleeting day is done,
And twilight creeps o'er fell and lea,
When stars are lighted one by one,
'Tis then the woods are dear to me.
How oft I wander through the dells
Where shadows lie across the snow;
And list the sound like far-off bells
When cold night winds begin to blow.

'Tis then I catch the fainter notes
Missed through the day, nor understood;
Whilst over all the starlight floats,
Crowning with beauty winter woods.

AFTER

I did not know my friend until he passed away,
Although I thought I knew and loved him many a
year.

They came, the rich—the poor—
And left a rose—or dropped a tear—
Told of some noble deed—some kindly word he'd
said;

'Twas then I knew my loss and wept uncom-
forted.
For with his going much of joy did end.
Dear God! that one must wait for Death
To know his friend!

NEW MOON

The new moon's lamp is burning low,
Adown the softly shaded west;
As some fond mother turneth so
The light above her baby's rest.

LULLABY

Softly close the wondering eyes,
 Baby mine!
The zephyrs calmly sink to rest,
 The ripples on the lake's fair breast—
Lie adream beneath the stars,
 Keeping watch through heaven's bars.

 Lullaby, lullaby!
Mother's watching over thee,
 Baby mine!

Mother will kiss the white lids down,
 Baby mine!

She will guard the tiny flower,
 Sent her from the Eden bower;
Caress the tiny petals sweet,
 Of the rosy, dimpled feet.

 Lullaby, lullaby!
Mother's watching over thee,
 Baby mine!

Father's on the tented field,
 Baby mine!
Sleeping 'neath the solemn skies,
 Watching with their steadfast eyes;
When our beloved land is free,
 Home he'll haste to thee and me,

 Lullaby, lullaby!
Mother's watching over thee,
 Baby mine!

AUGUST AFTERNOON

Silence and haze and tuneless ways,
 The great still fields, the groves, the sea
Melt into mellow harmony,
 As if some master hand that strove
 To change with heavenly alchemy
Had wrought such wondrous magic here,
 And then its cloth of gold had lain
 Across the drowsy, sunlit plain.

STANDING APART

So much desired to me hath been denied,
That would have made this life perpetual joy;
Those things, to others worthless, cast aside,
Had been to me as gold without alloy.

But I have stood aside and none have known,
The ceaseless craving of my hungry heart;
Smiles—wit and jest have lightly flown,
In which my soul hath found no slightest part.

But I have walked my quiet round of life,
Sometimes perplexed and oftentimes sore dismayed;
Have stood aside and watched men at their strife,
Brother against brother in their might arrayed.

This greed that crowds the weaker to the wall,
Desire for place that pulls another down;
Who heedeth nought except wealth's siren call,
And greeteth all that's sacred with a frown.

A wanton waste life's sweetest gifts have spilled,
The golden coffers still to higher pile;
Hath lain the burden down e'er they were filled,
And with the silent gone to rest the while.

And so my lot perhaps hath been the best,
My simple needs they each have been supplied;
Why should I murmur at God's wise behest?
He willed it thus and I am satisfied.

Those things that lured have now for me no charm,
The laurel withers e'en on brows of fame;
There is no strength save in His almighty arm,
Then be my boast—my glory in His name.

WHAT LIFE HATH

Life hath many a tender tinting
Of forgotten tears;
Life hath many a useful lesson
Garnered from the years;
And we have stronger grown
By the trials we have known;
'Though tomorrow
Hath its sorrow—
We have never walked alone.

It is better that some sorrow—
Here should mark the way,
Than to find our each tomorrow
Brighter than today.
Blossoms spring through April showers,
Harvest cometh after flowers;
Although for years,
We sow in tears—
They shall thrive, those fields of ours.

For the Master sees our sowing,
Whether smiles or tears—
He will leave them for the reaping
Of our ripened years.
By each action we are sowing,
Wheat or tares are daily growing;
Golden sheaves,
Or withered leaves—
Which, shall be the harvest showing?

THE BREEZE

When the breezes soft assemble,
Unclasping boughs through woodland ways;
All a-tiptoe, all a-tremble,
Dance the leaves through golden days.

TRUE SONG

Ah! sweeter than the pleading chime
When vesper bells are rung,
Is the rhythm of songs sublime
That never have been sung.
Voiceless they wander through the soul,
Vague spirits, shadowy white,
Fleeting as the unechoed roll
When waves die in the night.

True song is chastened sorrow's flower,
And perfect lays may flow
Tenderly sweet, yet full of power,
When hearts have tasted woe.

TO YOU

Be not dismayed! Fruition crowneth hope,
Self immolation findeth just reward;
Live thou thy life, though it hath narrow scope,
Toil on although the world no praise accord.
Put thou thy soul in every given task,
Ennoble every deed, however small;
Search for some good behind each frowning mask,
And let thine honor be thy all in all.

A STREAM

It rings its joy this bounding brook,
It breaks in snowy falls of glee;
Sings onward through each sunlit nook,
And fills the land with revelry.

MY FRIEND TO BE

I know not 'neath what skies he dwells,
He who is yet my friend to be;
I know not in what lands we'll meet,
What seas he'll cross to come to me.
Whether the face be young and fair,
Or furrowed brow 'neath silver hair.
But mine to hold the glad years through,
While steady burns this kindled flame;
I'll love him with a love so true,
With all things holy link his name,
This friend to be.

How oft' I may have passed him by,
Unnoticed in the crowded mart;
This friend who yet will fill the need,
The hungry cravings of my heart.
Drifting upon this human tide,
What word will bring him to my side?
Patient I wait until God wills—
The clasping of this friendly hand,
Whose touch will all my being thrill—
And I at once shall understand,
This friend to be.

Or will it be a friendship born—
Which day by day shall closer twine,
Through sorrows shared, through suffering borne,
Until his soul is knit to mine?
Distance cannot such friendship sever,
Nor absence mar or change it ever;
But mine to hold the glad years through,
While steady burns this kindled flame;
I'll love him with a love so true,
With all things holy link his name,
This friend to be.

IN THE NIGHT

I walked alone in the night—wrapped wold
And shadows were kneeling there,
As where veiled shrines in minsters old
Keep the holy hush of prayer.
The pulsing gloom held a yearning deep,
As souls who worshiped there.

Summer winds were at rest on the hills,
A hush was over the dells;
Darkness reigned 'mid the cloisterd aisles,
Where the spirit of silence dwells.
While boughs bent low o'er the cradled flowers,
Asleep with folded bells.

A PRAYER

Brood 'round me, Lord! and lo! the tumult dies,
Thy peace and restlessness is o'er;
Speak to my soul and every shadow flies,
Life hath completeness ever more.

There are no ills Thy presence cannot heal,
Thou art my solitude midst crowded mart;
Stamp Thou Thy child with heaven's sacred seal.
Christ's image on the waiting heart.

THE HOLY NAIL IN ST. MARKS

VENICE

Could I but know thou art indeed the nail,
The cruel nail that pierced my thorn crowned
King;

Then all the tears that dim my sight would fail,
The anguish speak which sight of thee doth bring.

O, ill-wrought nail bejeweled tho thou art,
They cannot rob thee of thy cruel sting;—
The sight of thee which pierces so my heart,
As thou didst flesh of Him, my King, my King!

This mission thine, when men shall look on thee,
Bring to their heart this thought a priceless gem,
It was a nail that fixed to cross of Calvary,
The gentle, loving Christ who died for them.
Venice, Italy, 1909.

THE LOOM OF LIFE

We are weaving, daily weaving
At the mystic loom of life,
In the warp the Master giveth;
Where with every pulse beat rife,
We are weaving thought and action
In a pattern hid from view;
Blending in harmonious beauty,
Or discordant tint and hue.

This life weaving never ceases,
For, unwinding hour by hour,
Is the tangled warp of duty—
And to each is given power,
There to form a royal pattern,
'Though outwrought in pain and gloom;

And our work may be more perfect,
Than if singing at our loom.

Oh! how often at our weaving,
Will the tears fall sadly down,
As a cross is interwoven,
Where we thought to weave a crown.
But when death shall cut the fabric,
And we see it all out-spread,
There may be some tender tintings
Of the tears that we have shed.

AT MORN

Hast watched the ships at eventide
Steal out the harbor—cross the bar—
Spread their white wings and swiftly glide
Into the night—alone—afar?
Hath seen the storms—the boundless deep,
Lashed into waves with seething foam?
Hath heard the watchers wildly weep,
And wish their dear one safe at home?

A golden morn, the deep at rest,
The danger and the anguish o'er,
The barques, like birdlings in the nest,
Lie anchored near the farther shore.

Hast seen thy bright hopes, one by one,
Sail swiftly from thee—fade away?
Know yet that when the night is done,
Shall see them anchored in the bay,
Where heaven's light shall kiss the deep,
And saddened hearts no more shall weep.

GOD IS ENOUGH

Though reft of all, no heart need lonely be,
With such companionship to bless and cheer;
What though best gifts hath earth denied to thee,
'Tis not the all of life the now, the here.
God is enough!

Rest calmly thou within His tender hands,
Thou with strength and wisdom art endued;
Vex not thy soul to try to understand,
There is no fathom line to sound Infinitude.
God is enough!
From the Persian.

ELDERBLOOM

The dainty elders lean above the stream,
That dimples 'neath their fragrant gloom,
Where wreaths of snow whiteness dream,
Fair elderbloom.

THE NIGHTINGALE

One night beside Avon's star-bejeweled stream,
I heard thy strain of matchless melody—
From distant copse it came;
Wave after wave it broke, a glad refrain
In notes so wild and free;
Yet men have named it, "pain
And wounded memory."

NIGHT

Dense night whose raiment wraps the wind,
It hath the starbeams in its fold;
Blots out the world to human kind,
And settles down o'er crag and wold.

LULLABY

Drift lightly down, ye fading leaves,
Drift lightly down.
Close to our mother nature's breast,
Safe in the sheltered hollows rest;
The night wind grieves—
Cover the blossoms which sleep below,
Shield them safe from the coming snow;
So my little one, so my pretty one,
Dear to me!
On my breast, now day is done,
Will I shelter thee.

Drift lightly down, ye peaceful shades,
Drift lightly down.
Softly shed from night's fair queen—
Moonlight rests in a silvery sheen,
O'er the dewy glades.
Birds are asleep in the silent wold,
The white flocks safe in sheltered fold.
So my little one, so my pretty one,
Dear to me!
On my breast, now day is done,
Will I shelter thee.

Drift lightly down, ye white lids fair,
Drift lightly down.
Over those eyes of heavenly blue,
Seems an angel looking through—
And free from care.
Smile on me e'er you sweetly sleep,
Mother a loving watch will keep;
So my little one, so my pretty one,
Dear to me!
On my breast, now day is done,
Will I shelter thee.

AFTER SORROW

A tiny babe once lay against my heart,
A moment mine, then given back to God;
Heaven's jeweled door now keepeth us apart,
And lilies wreath her casket 'neath the sod.

Since then my life an aching void hath known,
And ofttimes doth my longing soul repine;
Whilst keeping pace how she in heaven hath grown
To womanhood; this babe that once was mine.
As age creeps on I miss her more and more—
The days grow lonely near life's eventide;
I e'en forget the meeting just before,
Grief selfish is, I want the babe that died.

EVENTIDE

The garnered light grows faint above the hills;
Within the vales, the cooling shadows bide;
A holy hush, the glimmering landscape fills.
'Tis eventide.

From silver urn the dew is sprinkled wide;
Oh, list, its fairy tinkle in the rills—
Which 'neath the pendent willows calmly glide.
Thou hast the balm of all our human ills,
And as a gentle presence at our side—
So calmed, and soothed, to restless, troubled wills.
'Tis eventide.

UNDER THE SNOW

So silent and so slow cometh the snow,
Falling o'er woodland and stream;
Gemming each spray till boughs bending low,
Seem hushed in a beautiful dream.

O'er all rests a stillness unbroken and deep,
So softly the ermine is spread;
Veiling the mound where my love lies asleep,
The sweet, peaceful sleep of the dead.

What wonder workers those white flakes are!
How perfect we never may know;
A pall more fair than lilies by far,
They are weaving of stainless snow.

Methinks it must be rest wondrous sweet,
To find from all care a surcease;
With never a thorn for poor, weary feet,
And only the guerdon of peace.

To rest forever in this welcome thrall,
With hands folded from every task;
To have the soul's sad yearnings answered all,
Nor one desire more for which to ask.

Sealed with the great mystery—safe, shut in,
They are done with regret this I know;
Still I can but remember hours that have been,
And my heart lies under the snow.

IN CHESTER CATHEDRAL

Within thine aisles the deepening shadows fall,
While o'er thy tombs night spreads her sable pall;
List! On the evening air the curfew bell—
Hushed every sound which marred the day,
And all is well.

Among the mouldering graves I sit alone—
The names erased from many a crumbling stone;
Who calmly sleeps beneath, there's none can tell,
Forgotten in the onward sweep of time,
And all is well.

The sculptured marble fades, as frailest bloom,
All human greatness endeth at the tomb;
The soul who trusts in God, alone shall dwell
Beyond the wreck of worlds and time,
Where all is well.

How calmed and stilled this restless heart of mine,
No more o'er earthly loss and ills to pine;
The soul uplifted with this soothing spell:
I, too, thank God, like these shall rest—
When all is well.

Two seas divide me now from all I love,
An earthly home, a fairer one above;
Which am I first to cross? Ah, who shall tell—
'Tis home which ever way my barque shall sail,
There all is well.
Chester, Eng., 1889.

REST

Leave me awhile to rest;
Now there is silence through the summer wood,
In whose leavy solitude
The light is dreaming,
So softly streaming.

I yield my soul to dreams.
O'erladen seems the shimmering air with balm;
In summer's golden calm
Sleeps the landscape fair,
Netted in azure air.

Steals full into my soul
The deep, warm breathing of this scented air,
Leaving an impress there—
A vague deliciousness,
Of joy's excess.

In happy fancies drowned,
As one who, in vision fair, perceives
Forms through sheen of lotus leaves,
While borne on golden wings
Of sweet imaginings.

And as I lie at ease,
The heavens are clear as infants' eyes, above;
And, brooding like a dove,
Are peace and perfect rest,
With forgetfulness.

A CAIRN ON THE PLAIN

Day's glow and glory fadeth into night,
A shadow lies athwart the shifting sands;
The shadow of a cairn, the only goal in sight.
O'er all this waste that speaks of human hands.

A story writ in stone among the dusty sage,
That guards its secret well thru stress and storm;
No wanton wind hath stolen from that page,
One trace which tells who reared its silent form.

Doth mark some journeyed stage—some triumph
gained?
Thus may it prove to me a Bethel still;
I seek its shelter now the light hath waned,
And darkness settles round me dense and chill.

Blots out the plain unrolled on either hand—
Whilst over-head like silver wing outspread
The heavens blend till they touch the pallid sand,
Lulling e'en the winds to silence of the dead.

The Master's finger on nature's lip is laid,
Peace, a fullness like poising of the tide,
Brings answer to the heart's unrest and pain,
With hope, bright angel a presence at my side.

What tho my pallet be the desert sand?
O'erhead the steadfast stars their watch maintain;
God's providence is cast with lavish hand,
His purpose wise and He will make it plain.

Soul, calmly rest no longer question thou,
The hidden meanings of the trials sent;
Thou hast the proof of His protection now,
He notes the sparrows fall, be thou content.

AUTUMN'S MAGIC

Thou canst not cheat us with thy magic art,
Though clover blooms and violets frail are ours;
It is not summer, these are but a part
An aftermath in second blooms so rare
Of all the fragile sisterhood of flowers
That made the world so fair.

It is not summer, lo! thy silken skies
Are amber hued; pale, golden gleam
The stubble shows and in the woodland lies
Sodden leaves that choke the shrunken stream,
The trees with gaunt, bare arms outreaching seem,
In autumn's haze adream.

The stuccoed homes beneath the eaves are mute,
No linnet's song is heard from out the corn;
The weighted boughs have cast their mellow fruit,
The haws are ruddy in the clustered thorn;
And on the garnered maize, white gleams the frost,
Seen through the waking morn.

THE RAIN

Beneath the cottage roof again,
As in the peaceful long ago,
I hear the soothing summer rain
Trip, silver-sandaled, to and fro.
And swift the thronging memories rise
From out the dead year's hoarded store,
Till 'neath the tender, laughing skies,
I'm happy with the boys once more.

List! Their shout, how it winnows the air!
I hear it echo among the hills;
I know what they're doing over there—
Building dams in the flashing rills.
Ah! many a wheel they'll set to-day,
Many a whistle from the willows make.
Oh! to be there with the boys at play,
To wade once more in each mimic lake.

To roam bare-footed through the lanes,
'Mid tangled grass and clover bloom,
Through splash and dash of the golden rain,
As we trampled out the sweet perfume.
Ha! ha! this rain will swell the brooks,
And then we boys will a-fishing go,
Though we've only twine, with pins for hooks;
'Twas thus we caught them long ago,

The roses harbor a host of bees,
A thousand swings the grape vines yield;
We know each nest in wayside trees,
We know each nook in grove and field.
Oh! littered moss with its trampled death;
As we revel in the wild-wood's store,
We catch the birch's spicy breath,
And pockets bulge with its wealth once more.

I hear the tinkle of far off bells
From kine a-loiter through twilight calm;
They linger late in the pastured dells,
'Neath evening star, 'mid dusk and balm.
I eager wait for the morning fair,
The wealth of joy it hath in store;
The lips repeat their childhood's prayer,
The heart hath still its faith of yore.

THE BEST

Why should we care to tread the stellar height, when
Through the valley's depth the greater souls have
passed?

Why to our ears so sweet the applause of men?
E'en freshness of the bays cannot forever last.

We long to feel their coolness on our brow—
We mark delay and all impatient grow;
With one great bound we hope to claim them now,
And all the joy of earthly greatness know.

Ah! there are grander aims than those we so desire,
The consciousness of every task well done,
A loyalty, steadfast to that which we aspire,
With ready heart to greet the rising sun.

To shed the light of kindness 'round our way—
That lives grow sweeter—truer that we live;
To feel our loves cemented day by day,
We shall have found the best life hath to give.

UNWRITTEN MUSIC

Here myriad voices swell the pean grand—
Shatters the silence like a crystal sphere,—
The waves that break on the distant strand,
Blend with whisper of pines anear.

THE BROOK

The glad brook laughs and speeds away,
Through meadow nooks where sunbeams play.

Where brambles burn amidst the sedge,
That droops and clings along its edge.

Neath boughs where run the tangled vine
Through ferns all toned to amber wine.

Through deepest shade, through bars of light,
That glints the stream with ripples bright.

As one with finger on her lips,
She through the woodland shadow slips.

Then through a meadow wanders free,
The river joins, thence to the sea.

So we beside its banks today,
Free as glad children at their play—

Have reached the open field O, friend!
Whose silent stream at the meadow's end—

Flows into that unfathomed sea,
Whose shores encompass Eternity.

NATURE'S MELODIES

What voices 'neath the skies of June!
Such glorious hymns of praise arise;
When all in nature sings in tune,
Her grand, unwritten melodies.

THE SEA

All night the sad waves sob and moan,
And bear the white foam on each crest;
Ceaseless they lave the cold gray stone,
Yet all their plaint is rest, rest, rest.

LAZY BEES

In rose-leaf cradles all the day,
What sport for winds at play,
 Rocking lazy bees.
While over all like amber wine,
Softly filters sweet sunshine;
And a song on the fragrant air,
Sung to the happy fellows there.
 Rest, rest free from care,
 Rocked by summer breeze.

While adown the dewy lane,
Gently floats the sweet refrain;
 Rest, happy bees.

Swallows sporting 'mid the blue,
Too much like work for you,
 O, you lazy bees,
At the heart of the dainty rose,
All the summer day repose;
'Mid the store of perfume rare—
Worlds of sweets are treasured there,
 Rest, rest, free from care,
 Rocked by summer breeze.

While adown the dewy lane,
Gently floats the sweet refrain;
 Rest, happy bees.

Over the fields of waving grain,
Patters soft the golden rain;
 Fly home, lazy bees.
Yet the rain drops hath not found,
With the petals folded round,
Sleep so safely sheltered there;

Could we too such comfort share,
Rest, rest, free from care,
Rocked by summer breeze.

While adown the dewy lane,
Gently floats the sweet refrain,
Rest, happy bees.

BE CONTENT

Why judge by sight another's lot?
And deem it brighter than our own;
Those lips which smile and falter not,
May stifle now a bitter moan.

We hear their merry laughter ring,
Their words so gay and light may be;
This very hour some woe may bring,
And they bewail their misery.

Those eyes which thrill with glances bright
Have oft with blinding tears been wet;
The heart which seems so free and light,
Hath burdens it can ne'er forget.

Could we but know the secret hours
Of those whose lot we deem so sweet;
We'd find perhaps, more thorns than flowers,
And rougher paths than those we meet.

Whate'er thy portion, be content,
Though woe may fill the larger share;
Afflictions for some good are sent,
Strength will be given each to bear.

Morn waits beyond this night of sorrow—
Fair morn upon a brighter shore;
Joy shall come with thy tomorrow,
And rest and peace forever more.

AN OLD SABRE

Glint of steel and gleam of roses,
In a grand old Northern hall;
Where the flickering fire discloses,
A battered blade upon the wall.

We have wreathed the sword in roses
And they kiss the useless blade,
For no foe now interposes,
'Gainst our starry flag arrayed.

Bivouac of the dead they're keeping,
Where the blooms of springtime wave;
Blue and gray together sleeping,
In a sunny Southern grave.

Vines and grasses creeping over,
Where they lie in dreamless rest;
Thus doth Lady Nature cover,
War's sad scars upon her breast.

* * * * *

As the roses droop together,
They hide the touch time hath made;
For no foe than time can ever,
Dim the lustre of this blade.

One who fell our flag defending,
On this blade we've graved his name;
It hath brought us peace unending,
It hath brought him deathless fame.

THE TOILER

Rest, tired soul! for a moment rest,
E're duty lash thee to thy task again;
If such as thee—with bitter needs oppressed,
May for a moment feel the lessened strain.

Small, aye small! joy's meed vouchsafed to thee,
From sun, to sun for hunger's needs must moil;
The weight of years hath bowed relentlessly,
The broken form, that aches with stress of toil.

In thy sad face, the seal of sorrows borne,
Each trial sore, hath left its impress there;
We read of tears, in lines so deeply worn,
The bitter ills which thou alone must bear.

Is it thy fault, that man shall fail to see,
Thy Maker's image in the careworn face?
No choosing of thy lot was let to thee,
'Tis Adam's curse entailed upon the race.

Not thine the fault, that ease hath been denied,
No ecstasy of life, as slow the days advance—
The bitter dregs, and nought of wine beside,
That from thy heart all hope hath flown per-
chance.

Take heart! God sees His image, still in thee,
When angel Death shall give thee back to Him—
Thy soul, earth bound—imprisoned, shall be free,
A martyr's crown, whose lustre nought can dim.

WEALTH

Gold is not all this fair world hath to give,
Better t'were to starve than sacrifice ideals;
Work thou for pleasure—this it is to live,
The joy untold the willing worker feels.

GO TO THY REST

Go to thy rest for toil is o'er,
Draw close the mantle of thy tomb;
But thou are safe beyond its gloom
Crowned with an immortal bloom,
Forever more.

We gaze upon thy peaceful face,
And through our tears a look we trace
As if Death left an added grace,
Unknown before.

Go to thy rest for toil is o'er,
Clasp close the lilies pure and white;
Thine is the perfect rest tonight
Throned in heaven's eternal light,
Forever more.

The memory of thy noble life
Shall bide each hour with blessings rife
Giving an earnest in the strife,
Unknown before.

Go to thy rest for toil is o'er
No wrong can wound thy bosom now,
No crown of sorrow pierce thy brow,
To cruel fate thou needst not bow,
No nevermore.

The life Divine enfoldeth thee,
From pain and ills forever free;
But earth to us must lonely be,
Forever more.

A WORD

Knows the heart a greater rapture,
Than the consciousness of right?
He who follows the call of duty,
Needeth not the sense of sight.

He who leads will guide thee safely,
Question not the why, the how;
Seek no honors for the future,
Lo! His laurels crown thy brow.

Human praise is but a vapor,
Lightly spoken, quickly flown;
Seek ye rather heaven's approval,
That is real and that alone.

DARWEN MOOR

I know a moor where heather bells,
Rings softest chimes the livelong day;
Where birds and bees their music tells,
And softest summer zephyrs stray.

I've seen the shrouding mists fold round—
The moor an infinite of gray;
Have felt the autumn rain drop down,
To mar the beauty of the day.

Her every mood is dear to me,
I love each rood of bracken heath;
Each rock, each shrub, the wild things free,
The warm, brown earth that sleeps beneath.

* * * * *

Of late one walked with me who made
The hours rose hued with converse sweet;
The broken paths o'er which we strayed,
Seemed smoothed as if for infant's feet.

We climbed the height above the town,
By devious ways rough feet had made;
And from the moorland's crest looked down,
O'er crowded town and spreading glade.

We climbed the tors, a rugged wall,
Where peat-brown streams that sped away;
Turned milky white where every fall,
Sang midst the stones their roundelay.

The glad day waned, twilight drew near,
Her shadow filled each purple dell—
Effaced each vale and hushed the weir,
Still were we loth to say farewell.

So to my heart this moor hath grown,
Methinks t'were heaven enough for me;
The livelong day, we two alone,
Straying among the heather free.
Darwen, Eng.

SNOW

The white May wreathes its thorns in snow,
Daisies drift their bloom along the hedge;
White flakes sift down from all the orchard rows,
The river shows a snow-white liliated edge.

Yet everywhere is song, and sun of June,
Sweet incense is borne upon the air,
With laughing rills and all the birds atune:
And yet the snow is drifting everywhere,
The fragrant snow of June.

TWILIGHT

Like some fair field in daisy bloom bedight,
The sky's warm banks o'errun with stars;
Gleam brightly through the tranquil night,
A silvery light through heavenly bars.

ALONG THE SANDS

Along the sands, where pallid mists are drawn,
Where all the night the ceaseless surges beat,
There comes to me like visions of the dawn,
The memory of thy presence pure and sweet.

Still looking seaward through the veiled night,
Where last I saw thy vessel bearing thee,
O'er shifting waves, all touched with sunset light,
'Ere night came on and hid the sail from me.

Before me lies the sobbing, restless sea;
So softly die its murmurs in the night,
Thy call seems borne in undertone to me,
And my soul follows on its outward flight.

Here stretches wide an infinite of gray;
The while I pace the sands with restless feet,
One face smiles ever through the seething spray,
While evermore one name the waves repeat.

Yet on some shore of sounding seas far set,
Sundered so wide I may not clasp thy hands;
Although I long with tears of sad regret,
And call to thee across the far-off lands.

I do not ask to share thy path of flowers,
Though o'er the brightest, fairest field it lies;
It is enough that all thy joy-crowned hours,
Are passed beneath love's tender cloudless skies.

But go thy way! and if in coming years,
Among life's roses twines the bitter rue,
Then let me share, dear heart, thy woe and tears,
And give to thee a love unchanged and true.

Along the sands where pallid mists are drawn,
Beside a sea which stretches wild and wide,
I wait for thee, whilst waiting for the dawn,
Oh! call to me and waves shall not divide.

AN OLD WINCHESTER

Old comrade! I take thee down from the wall,
And thrilled with thy touch as of yore—
I hear again the clarion's call,
And the battle's deafening roar.

List! the wild screaming of shot and shell,
Midst the shock of an army's tread;
Where cannons belch forth like the mouth of hell,
Till fields are strewn with the dead.

Close to my shoulder! the old resting place,
Eagerly we wait the affray;
Shall the banner we love, suffer disgrace
At the hand of our brothers in gray?

* * * * *

Rusted and useless, old comrade thou art,
And battered beyond all repair;
In many a conflict hath borne a part,
And of dead hath numbered thy share.

Was it at Shiloh, in ambush they lay
When steady their death shots were poured?
When grasping thy barrel we soon cleared a way,
Thru the midst of a desperate horde.

Thou, old comrade! hath been useless since then,
And hath thy place on the wall;
What more can be asked of weapon or men,
Who for country have given their all.

MY STREAM

I know a stream that calmly floweth
Through the woodland hollows, goeth
As with finger on her lips;

Breaks no ripple as she passes,
Scarcely bends the silken grasses,
As she softly onward slips.

Lest she wakes the shadows sleeping,
Tryst with lazy noontide keeping,
Or the scarlet columbine

Drooping languidly above her,
Woingly as when a lover
Whispers fondly: "I am thine."

Ah, so perfectly she wooeth,
More softly than the woodbird cooeth,
Smile of heaven is in her eye,

Till languid grown she falls asleep
Among the meadow grasses deep,
Like bits of fallen sky.

SPRING

A fairy creature, zephyr borne, is she,
The breath of buds unto her garments cling;
Along the vales the glad brooks dancing free,
And everywhere the flash of cleaving wing.

Earth wakes, and smiles in bloom about her way,
And weaves fair chaplets for her flowing hair;
The skylarks drench the meadows with their lay,
For bloom, and balm, and joy are everywhere.

I HAD FORGOTTEN

Inured to city noise and ways
I had forgotten how the birds
Made music through the summer days
Which far surpasses human words
In rapture and exalted praise.

I had forgotten how the trees
Drooped wooing o'er the rippled tide,
How mid the clover droned the bees,
Or how the rose leaves scatter wide
When breezes sweep the thickets green;

Forgotten, too, how iris gloom
In reedy pools, where alders bide;
Or how like snow the daisies bloom
Bedight the meadows spreading wide,
Till all the air is rife with balm.

I had forgotten once such things
Of life so large a portion were.
But oh! today such wealth it brings!
Such tender memory astir
At sight and sound of olden things!

A recreant lover I have been,
In busy mart my ways were set,
Starving the soul earth's gold to win.
Dear God! to think one can forget—
Forget, ah me! and miss so much.

LONGING

O, to pause in those headlong days,
But for an hour in the perfect calm;
That fills with rest the woodland ways,
With soothing touch—with healing balm.

A WINTER STORM

Call down the wet sheep from the hills,
The rain hath changed to piercing sleet;
Whose whitened flakes the wide sky fills,
And drives like mad on winds so fleet.

Hark! how it shrieks about the eaves,
Where hangs the jeweled pendants there;
Such icy mail the Genii weaves,
Till all the trees an armor wear.

List! the loud bleating of the flocks,
As glad they hurtle to the fold;
Tho sheltered there, nor bars nor locks,
Can shield them from the nipping cold.

Cold, bitter cold! the poor wet sheep,
Are huddled close, their stampings fill
The wide, old barn with echos deep,
And drowns the wind which rages still.

* * * * *

Pile high the fire, for see! the frost
Creeps o'er the dimming window pane;
Till unto sight the view is lost,
Where howls the storm across the plain.

A fusillade of rattling hail,
Whilst colder still the wild winds grow;
With sweep—with swirl—with saddest wail,
Dear, God! the graves beneath the snow.

PENNYROYAL

Like silken hair blown 'cross a maiden's eyes,
So softly meshed in grasses cool and green

The river lay.

With here and there a glimpse of azure skies
'Mid wefts of rarer light, a silver sheen,
Which in and out among the ripples play,
It slips away.

A sea of clover blooms, with toiling bees
That pilfer sweets from out the crimson store
The livelong day.

Kneedeep I walk and tread the very lees
And breathe the mingled odors wafted o'er
Where truant breezes 'mid the blossoms stray,
Then steal away.

Lost in the glory of this perfect morn
All heedless I the hapless blossoms tread
O'er pathless way;
Then round about an odor newly born
Of bruised pennyroyal's nectar shed
Drowns every sense, the while the golden day
Fades quite away.

And in its stead a garret dim and old,
Where o'er the roof the summer showers fall,
Soft-sandaled they.
With merry games in shout and laughter told
The rafters rang in answer to our call
We happy youngsters filled that rainy day
That sped away.

Some fragrant herbs from rafters swung that day,
Till luckless ball them scattered as it fell
'Midst dust so gray.

The homely moon was rife with breath that day.
Like massing blooms from out some hidden dell,
So memories throng the long-forgotten way
This perfect day.

Such precious hours from out the faded past
So slight a thing can call to life again,
Like some sweet lay
Heard long ago! such memories crowding fast
With joys that come amidst the fragrant rain
Of pennyroyal mother hung away
For future day!

IN THE ORCHARD

What are they saying, out there in the orchard,
Mid bloom and the balm of summer divine,
The call of the thrush and the lilt of the linnet,
And all that make glad in radiant sunshine?

What wonderful fields in roselit elysian
Have opened to them with their whispers of love!
When earthly hope wears its crown of fruition
No statelier joy hath the Eden above.

Each heart is filled with rhythm far sweeter
Than ever was song of lily-wreathed brook,
And never to mortal hath heaven been nearer
Than fills with its presence this shadowy nook.

Then why need question what those two are saying?
Who hath not shared in this tale ofttimes told?
God pity the hearts who have failed of this pleasure,
Who have missed from life's treasure this rarest
of gold!

A GREETING

Fair morn her rarest gems displayed,
In diamond point on leaf and spray;
And then in azure robes arrayed,
Paid homage to the god of day.
She spanned with pearl the broadest stream;
Each majestic wave a diadem;
Filled all the East with rose agleam,
Then kneeling kissed his garment's hem.

Her leaf-hid Orchestra awoke,
In loudest rapture greetings sang;
Like liquid floods the music broke,
Till every mist-hid valley rang.
The woods gave back an answer true,
To hills that voiced the music sweet;
Zephyr and song, perfume and dew,
The royal welcome was complete.

TOIL

To delve among furrows of bare, brown earth,
To scatter the seed with careless hand—
Thinking the while of all one must withstand
Of drouth and pest, and then the harvest's dearth,
Thus complaining rob life of all its worth.
Never to see blue skies smiling overhead—
Or radiant glory of sunlight shed;
The bloom and balm—the land all filled with mirth;
Of joyous stream, of happy song of birds—
This blessed heritage which God bestows on all,
He grovels with the worm, who thus can moil.
Who never nature's tender Psalm hath heard.

Thus at desk, pulpit or whate'er our call,
We change the noblest effort into meanest toil.

SEPTEMBER'S KISS

The chestnut slips its shining sheath,
The ripened leaves drop softly down;
The ivy hangs its tinted wreath—
Earth wears her glory like a crown.

September's kiss is on the trees,
The first, faint tinge of autumn shown—
In touch along the misty leas,
A beauty which is all her own.

Tho crimson apples clothe the thorn
And pale the golden stubbles gleam;
Bobwhite still whistles midst the corn,
And sedges bloom along the stream.

The cricket's plaint comes soft and low,
From out the tufts of silken grass;
The milkweed flaunts its gleaming snow,
Robbed by the breezes as they pass.

The crimson punctured brambles show,
A dash of color midst the ferns;
Where bright the regal asters glow,
And goldenrod so softly burns.

A hint of summer lingers still,
And kine still seek the cooling shade;
The sun lies warm along the hill,
And glints the stream adown the glade.

Like molten silver glides the stream,
Where russet banks reach on and on;
Neath boughs where ripened fruitage gleams,
A largess from the summer won.
L Envoy.

O, autumn, autumn! dearer far
Than rosy riot of the spring;
Thy days like threaded jewels are,
Round them fond memories cling.

TILL LIFE IS DONE

Now we have named the name of friend,
And thou art mine thou dearest one,
To love and cherish till the end,
Till life is done.

In direst need—in sorrow's hour,
I will not fail thee dearest one!
Thy love I hold as richest dower.
Till life is done.

Give to the world thy smiles and joy,
But grant me this thou dearest one!
That I may share in life's alloy,
Till life is done.

SUNSET

Some spirit artist worketh here unseen,
For, see! the heavens a royal canvas spread,
Take on such regal hues, I ween
As never were from earthly pigments shed.

A wondrous glory gilds the glowing west,
And grandly image there the magic scene,
Until it stands the Master hand confessed.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LILIES

How precious the Message they bring us today,
Those lilies of sainted hue;
Of One who hath risen purer than they
Christ so loving and true.

They tell us how stainless God's only Son,
The depth of His wondrous love,
Who through His suffering for us hath won
A home in the Mansions above.

Tenderly sweet the Message they bring,
Those lilies of snowy bloom;
He hath arisen: Jesus our King!
Triumphant o'er Death and the Tomb.

ACROSS THE SNOW

A cruel night with piercing sleet,
And icy winds that buffet so;
I climb the path with weary feet,
That lies across the drifted snow.

Unto the monastery walls,
My halting feet have brought me slow;
Through jeweled window softly falls,
A bar of light across the snow.

It is the light before the Host—
The sacred spark that sends its glow;
It lights the pierced feet of Christ,
It falls across the winter snow.

I halt within its cheering ray,
Forgetting want and present woe;
It seems for angel's feet the way,
This path of light across the snow.

A steady light so soft yet clear,
Falls 'round me as bowing low;
It makes a jewel of each tear,
It lies across the drifted snow.

A WOODLAND RETREAT

The meadows hath the liquid song of larks,
But here the wood-bird cooeth to its mate;
Whilst near and far the shadows seem to hark,
Such music doth the yellow-hammer make—
Clinking his faery anvil by the stream;
Whilst thru the wood like gleaming sparks,
Flashes his golden glory all agleam.

Here, thru clasping boughs and wreathing vines,
Who wear the kiss of heaven like a crown—
Filters sunshine like sacramental wines;
And all the forest aisles erst-while so mute,
Seem filled with music as of altar bells—
Rung by lilies pure, a vesper chime,
Till in my soul their chastened music dwells.

THE MOWERS

Across the meadows scattered wide,
Lay blooms of crimson—blooms of snow;
With bits of blue the stream beside,
Where iris too were lying low.

Whilst here and there a lily fair,
Breathed incense from its heart of gold,
The meadow treasures each were there,
Supine upon the scythe swept mould.

The scythe had crooned its soothing word,
“Hush, ah, hush!” till each one slept;
It left them there when night winds stirred,
Like some sad field by carnage swept.

THE SEA

Aye! clap thy hands 'neath angry sky,
And shout to hoarseness in thy glee!
What pentup power 'neath thy waters lie,
Thou charging, restless sea!

PEACE

In an old cemetery in England a crumbling headstone bears but the one word, "Peace."

In this neglected corner, where brambles closely
press

About a moss-grown headstone, and tenderly caress,
The one sweet word it beareth—all others are ef-
faced

By the steady march of ages, and its beating storms
erased.

Still on the crumbling marble this blessed word is
"Peace,"

Reminder of the rest when earthly toil shall cease.

Who sleeps beneath this marble no living being
knows;

Long years unmourned, forgotten, hath found a
sweet repose,

With dust of dead years' roses lying above the
breast,

Where Summer's hand hath shed them in benedic-
tions blest.

Sleep on, ye nameless stranger, while the fleeting
years increase;

The hand which graved the marble, like thee, now
rests in peace.

WAIT

Be patient! in God's chosen hour,
He'll give what's best for thee of life's sweet things;
With strength of faith, a richer dower,
Than gift of king.

Be patient! though thy hopes may fade,
As some fair shore behind the rushing keel;
Shall see His tender love portrayed,
Through woe and weal.

Be patient! and thy life shall grow
Peaceful as dew fall from a twilight sky;
Life's cares, why should they vex us so
When He is nigh?

What though life's roses blossom late?
'Mid gloom and storm their fragrant petals fall;
There's One who wisely rules thy fate,
He watcheth all.

Knows thy desire, and thy needs,
E'er thou canst come with earnest pleading prayer,
Will give thy life its fullest meed,
Of blessings rare.

Be patient! nor question thou—
God's way is best, and we shall shortly know
Why He withholds the sweet things now,
Who loves us so.

IN THE CITY

From "Hal," a Story for Boys

The woods were aglow with glory,
Through the bright October days;
The hills grew dim and dreamy,
All crowned with purple haze.

The crickets sang low and plaintive,
Amid the stubble brown;
Through all the hushed and shady lanes,
The gold was dropping down.

Oh! earth had a royal carpet,
The orchards a luscious store;
The days were dearer and fairer
Than all that had gone before.

The plovers piped on the fallow,
The brooks were all atune,
Flowing on through dreamy vales,
With a tender, rhythmic rune.

All these I've missed in the city,
With its ceaseless surge and beat
Where all the bright leaves fallen,
Were trod 'neath hurrying feet.

The homes and spires grew dreamy
With silvery mists they wore;
But I saw beyond, the country
With autumns like those of yore.

LAI D ASIDE

Such little words they seem, such little words
But O, so much they mean to those who lying
still,
Can see the eager workers at their tasks—
Whilst they must wait to know the Master's will.

But is it just that we—when looking o'er
We see the need in harvest field so wide,
To say of those whose work we cannot know
"No use are these whom God hath laid aside."

Because their helpless feet no more can move
Amongst the grain that ripens 'neath the sun,
Because their willing hands no longer glean,
Is this the sign that work for them is done?

We cannot know what special work is theirs;
Those things are not revealed to feeble sight;
The good that those may do who only stand and
wait

Shall be made plain in heaven's perfect light.

* * * * *

Still keep thy faith 'though brightest prospects
fade,

'Though in life's busy field thou hast no place;
Be sure of this God's wisdom cannot fail—
He knoweth why He bids us rest a space.

He were not God if we could understand
Why some are weak and some with power en-
dued;
Better to rest within His mighty hand,
It useless is to question Infinitude.

What 'tho He bids some labour—others rest?
Know this! in all His blessed kingdom wide
It matters not how simple be our tasks,
His children we and none are laid aside.

FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

(WRITTEN AT SEA)

I watch the vessel's lengthening track,
Behind us lies the lessening shore,
A fading line of amethyst,
Which sunny skies are bending o'er.
Farewell, farewell, thou bonny isle!
No more my feet shall tread thy vales;
The waters widen 'tween us now,
Thou'rt hid from sight by passing sails.

How sweet the memory of those vales,
Where daisies smiled all crimson tipped,
As if an angel kissed their buds,
And left the hue of rosy lips.
How calm the rivers in their flow,
With whispering leaflets trembling o'er;
Reflecting in the shade and sun,
The dainty pencilings of the shore.

No more to climb those breezy heights
To watch the day's last lingering gold;
To list' the nightingale's sweet lay,
When shadows wrap the sleeping wold.
The incense of each dewy mead,
Where sings the queen lark mid the blue;
As if the gates were left ajar,
With heaven's music stealing through.

What precious shrines for pilgrim feet,
Where ivies mantle crumbling towers,
Rich with memories of the brave,
The heroes of departed hours.
Where falls the light through jeweled pane,
O'er sculptured marble 'neath the dome;
Their dust is treasured, sacred dust,
Who died for England, duty, home!

* * * * *
The brave ship plows the ocean wave,
And parts the briny foam;
Each night which marks the fleeting days,
Brings us still nearer home.
When "Land Ahead!" shall be the cry,
Where loved ones wait beside the sea,
I'll cast a lingering look behind,
And breathe one farewell sigh for thee.

MORNING

'Tis morn,
Far in the blue with outstretched wings,
Mounts the skylark in circled flight;
The strong passion of his joy he sings,
Up there in golden light.

'Tis morn,
Along the dewy uplands steep—
Trooping gladly from wattled fold;
With bells atinkle go bleating sheep,
That follow shepherd old.

'Tis morn,
Inhaling breath of blossoming thorn,
And roses that cluster about his way;
A toiler imbued with the crystal morn,
Voicing a roundelay.

PEACE

With the calmness of waters deep, at dawn,
Asleep 'neath the stars lies the sea;
And where soft curves of the dunes are drawn,
Rests the spirit of mystery.

A hush broods over the voiceless rills,
The winds are at rest mid the pines;
Peaceful the shadow enfolding the hills,
Which night in her bosom enshrines.

So unto thee shall come seasons of peace,
Untroubled by turmoil or strife;
When the demon unrest in thy soul shall cease,
And thine be the glory of life.

A THOUGHT

There's a tear in the dregs of each chalice
That Fate to our lips may press;
Unhappiness oft in a palace—
And pain in tender caress.

Yet each tear is a rare jewel,
Be the draught sorrow or joy;
Pain is the white flame of fuel
Refining the gold from alloy.

Better of some tragedy the center,
The depth or the fullness attain;
Of things which into life enter,
Than live our earth life in vain.

We shrink from the crucible's testing—
The blows the sculptor must give;
Whilst with life and beauty investing,
Image within us that lives.

THE TOUCH OF TIME

The touch of time, then back to earth again,
All the loftiest works of men;
Though they wrought with patient care—
Mingled heart's blood and prayer,
Leave no trace of beauty that hath been.

Where once a peerless temple reared its dome,
And priests their vigils kept;
Only a shapeless mound of earth,
Wind swept.

CATHEDRAL OF THE WOODS

Adown cathedral aisles of beech and pine,
In regal grandeur, classic columns rise;
A graceful arch is formed where boughs entwine—
Until a perfect dome is lifted to the skies.

Here hath the Master Builder wrought with care,
Foundations deep this temple vast uphold;
Trancept and nave all set with altars rare—
And chancels chiseled in arabesques of gold.

Hath other temples been as wisely planned?
Its walls are hewn from the eternal hills:
Oped to the light its windows ever stand,
And jeweled beams this sanctuary fills.

* * * * *

The Eucharistic wine is not more pure
Than dews that drench the rose's fragile heart;
Nor worship more divine, nor faith secure,
Than this in which all nature bears some part.

God shifts His organ stops, and lo! the breeze
Wake vibrant strings to harmonies sublime;
A Te Deum grand is sung by all the trees—
Unwritten strophs that move in stately time.

A chord sustained by bird, and brook, and pine,
I kneel in rapture on the lowly sod:
Uplifted to the skies by song divine—
And for the present am a guest of God.

A REFUGE

As one pausing at some cathedral door,
And looking back along the dimming aisle,
Sees there a jeweled window gleaming o'er,
The image of the crucified; the while
Some humble worshiper with bowed head,
Kneels where the glory from the cross is shed.

Some storm-tossed soul hath drifted into calm,
Where peace that breathes of God enfoldeth all,
O'er bruised heart it falls a healing balm,
And, as he there on the dear name calls—
So near, so near the blessed Christ doth seem,
As face to face without one cloud between.

And turning then to meet the world once more,
Bears with him there this vision's blessedness;
When sorrows come and trials press him sore,
Seeks too this refuge from all earthly stress,
And there in the glory which falleth still,
A solace finds for every human ill.

THE WISER PLAN

How many toilers crave the crown of fame
And deem that deathless are the shining bays;
Upon empyrean heights they'd grave their name,
Then sweet would be the sound of worldly praise.

Unnumbered hosts have fought, have bled, have
died,
To write their deeds, bright on the scroll of
fame;
Poor, mingled dust some rain-washed mound be-
side—
A crumbling arch of long forgotten name.

Some glazing eyes a fleeting glimpse have caught,
Some palsied hands just touched the laurel crown;
How little lives that patient hands have wrought!
Oblivion deep for those who sought renown.

Though here and there some noble thoughts survive,
Some masterpiece outlasts the touch of time;
Scarce one may reach the goal where myriads strive,
So steep the path the eager feet must climb.

So little gained by selfishness and greed,
So fleet the years that mark life's little span;
Build well by faith, and trust, and loving deed—
Leave all to God, this is the wiser plan.

THE SORROWFUL MYSTERY

WRITTEN IN SAN MARCO, VENICE

I

Trancept and nave, and gilded, vaulted dome,
A kneeling throng.
The organ pealing forth the Vesper-song.
And I, a stranger far from home,
Standing apart, think of the hour—
'Tis Ave Maria, O Sacred Heart!
I kneel and kiss the cross.

As I mystery most sorrowful begin,
Think how my Savior agonized;
Behold, a garden wild 'neath even skies!
And One who prays alone, and for my sin,
Bows low, accepts the cross.

Night broods o'er lone Gethsemane,
Velvet shadows 'neath the olives lie;
Silence profound, a sense of mystery,
With steadfast stars in vaulted sky.

"My soul is sorrowful even unto death!
Remove the cup if this may be;
If not, and I must drink it up—
Flesh is weak, my strength must come from Thee!"
This awful anguish borne, God's only Son
Whispers low, "Thy will be done."

How oft in heedless sleep this little hour we pass,
The sacred watch with Him we do not keep;
And so I bow me low in shame and weep;
I kiss the tear gemmed cross.

II

Music and song and sunset glory blends—
The windows gleam.
Yet all unheeding its radiant beam.
I only follow the man betrayed
On tender flesh the cruel thongs are laid,
I shrink and quiver till chastisement ends;
Then bow and kiss the cross.

What though the pillar hewn from jasper rare?
Chisled to arabesques most fair to see.
The sting of blows my Savior suffered there,
Were silent borne in deep humility.
Though oft reviled He answered not again,
He bore the bitter cross of pain.

III

Die into silence, organ tone and song,
In tapers tall
The lights burn dim, the shadows fall.
Ah! now they plate the thorny crown—
O'er brow the blood-drops trickle down,
Melts quite away the kneeling throng.

IV

The ululations of a mob I hear
Deserted now, none He loves are near.
A thorn-crowned King in faded robes arrayed,
This "Man of Sorrow," so cruelly betrayed—
He goeth forth, the gentle Christ bowed low
Faint 'neath its burden. In His woe
He bears the heavy cross.

For thee, my soul! this cross on Him was lain.
How oft hast thou Christ crucified afresh?
This awful test of blood, of tears, of pain
The piercing of tender, quivering flesh
Was borne for me, for me!
Like Him I bow beneath the sacred cross.
In deep humility.

V

Darkness and silence o'er aisle and cloister fall,
Night hangs about each sculptured saint her
pall;
Unheeded all, whilst through tear-dimmed eyes
I now behold Calvary's steep ascent—
And follow step by step the way He went,
Till on the rugged wood my Savior dies.
And kneeling there I kiss the cross,
I kiss the blood stained cross.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT

The day is done; Father, Thy weary child,
Seeks once again Thy sheltering side,
Pleading Thy grace; I, who am so defiled,
Have only strength when I in Thee abide.

The day was long, and fierce the noonday glare,
O'er weary task the blinding teardrops fell;

Calling Thy name—and lo! The rock was there,
The shadow cool—the gushing crystal well.

Thy children grieve, and Thou dost hear their cry,
How tenderly the bruised heart is healed;
Pain hath no sting, with Thy dear presence nigh,
And in Thy smile all heaven stands revealed.

With sweet content I watch the shadow's fall,
While from my heart infesting cares are driven;
Through doubt and gloom Thy love enfoldeth all,
And in the night the sweetest songs are given.

OCTOBER

Amid the all pervading haze,
With tuneless lips, the drowsy wold,
Stands robed in hues of sunset rays
And showers down the autumn gold.

The twilight of the year is ours,
And wandering through the dreamy days,
We tread above the sleeping flowers—
Along the leaf-besprinkled ways.

Where erst the choral lips of June
Sang sweetly midst the smiling flowers,
We hear the low-voiced brooklets rune,
Like whisperings of far-off showers.

Where wild grape hangs its purple lobes,
Through vales where crimson sumachs burn,
We see October's trailing robes
Among the banks of yellowing fern.

O fairest queen! more bright thy reign
Than all the royal year hath known;
Thy banners gleam on every plain,
Thy lavish wealth broadcast is sown.

THE CRY OF THE WEARY

Master! I have waited long—so long,
All wearied and heartsick in the strife;
While I move amid the jesting throng,
A lonely life.

Until Thy coming must I tarry still,
Bearing the heartache and the wrong?
Send but one proof that teaches of Thy will,
And I am strong,

Without Thy presence I am spirit tossed;
I stumble so without Thy guiding hand;
Lead Thou me on and darkest mountains crossed,
Like sunlit land.

Let me not fail nor faint upon the road,
'Neath any cross which Thou shalt bid me bear.
Thou, who art strength, wilt help to lift each load;
Each burden share.

Forgive this weak and human cry; nor chide
That I bemoan Thy presence's long delay;
I am so weary I would fain abide
With Thee alway.

NOCTURNE

How sweet the song the zephyr sings,
Where willows droop o'er crystal streams,
While twilight hangs on poised wings,
And whispers low of rest;
Fades one by one the day's last beams,
From out the glimmering west.

In shadowy hands the poppies white,
Are held above a toiling world;
Softly she putteth out the light,
And gently soothes to rest,
Till vanquished host with banners furled.
Day lies pillowed on the west.

As barques unmoored we seaward drift,
The shores of care receding far;
While dreams, like Islands fair, uplift,
Filled with the poppied rest;
Bathed in the sheen of evening star,
Trembling above the west.

NEARER HOME

Out beyond the storm-lashed billows,
Stand the sunset gates ajar;
Harbor lights from the wondrous city
Gleam across the waves afar.
"One day less of weary tossing,"
Say we when the sunset light
Gilds the waves that we are crossing,
We are nearer home tonight.

Long since we missed the music
Of the waves on childhood's shore,
And the balm of morning zephyrs,
Sent to gently waft us o'er.
Oh! the storm it beat us sadly,
And the shores were lost to sight;
Now the harbor hail we gladly,
We are nearer home tonight.

Oh! how oft, when storm clouds gather,
And the waves about us rise,
Think we of that sheltered haven,
Lying 'neath the sunset skies.
But the storms no more affright us,
With the harbor bar in sight;
Soon we'll join the heavenly chorus,
We are nearer home tonight.

GOOD NIGHT

Fair morn sent rose-hued greetings to the vale,
Like scattered petals, down the mountain side;
Kissing the brooks—whispering many a tale,
Of happy lands beneath its sunlit tide.

Waked to life, with hope and strength renewed,
Men at their toil were singing blythe and gay.
The streams responsive, as with joy embued,
Took up the strain and sang it all the day.

When to its close the peaceful day drew near—
Along the west with banners, flaming wide;
The sun his signet set in waters clear,
And lit with splendor all the mountain side.

Then, softest shadows hushed the vales to rest,
Their tender clasp stole 'round each snow clad
height:
With kiss of gold upon each topmost crest,
Day lingered long, as loth to say "good night."

Thus Love! my Love, beneath the eastern skies,
One kiss I send across the fading light;
Lingering and sweet, as the daylight dies,
God watch o'er thee! good night, dear heart!
good night.



